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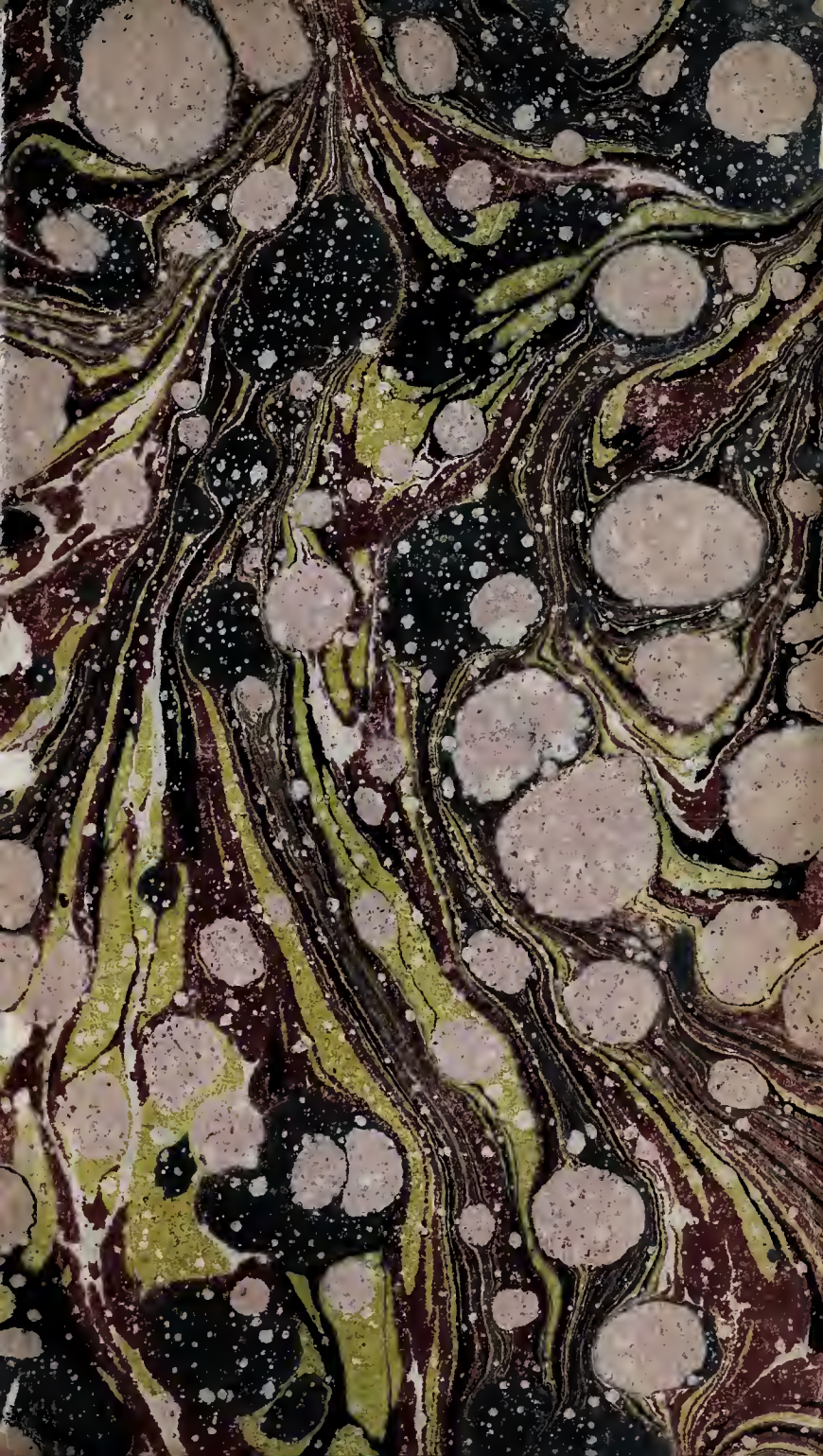

# QUARRELS

OF

# AUTHORS;

OR,

SOME MEMOIRS FOR OUR LITERARY HISTORY,

INCLUDING

## Specimens of Controversy

TO THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

The use and end of this Work I do not so much design for curiosity, or satisfaction of those that are the lovers of learning, but chiefly for a more grave and serious purpose; which is, that it will make *learned men wise in the use and administration of learning.*

*Lord Bacon, of Learning.*

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# THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

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# THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

*The Royal Society at first opposed from various quarters — their Experimental Philosophy supplants the Aristotelian Methods — suspected of being the concealed Advocates of Popery, Arbitrary Power, and Atheism — disappointments incurred by their promises — the simplicity of the early Inquirers — ridiculed by the Wits and others — Narrative of a quarrel between a Member of the Royal Society and an Aristotelian — Glanvill writes his "Plus Ultra," to shew the Improvements of Modern Knowledge — Character of Stubbe of Warwick — his Apology, from himself — opposes the "Plus Ultra" by the "Plus Ultra reduced to a Non-plus" — his "Campanella revived" — the Political Projects of Campanella — Stubbe persecuted, and menaced to be publicly whipt; his Roman spirit — his "Legends no Histories" — his "Censure on some passages of the History of the Royal Society" — Harvey's*

*ambition to be considered the Discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood, which he demonstrated — Stubbe describes the Philosophy of Science — attacks Sprat's Dedication to the King — The Philosophical Transactions published by Sir Hans Sloane ridiculed by Dr. King — his new species of literary burlesque — King's character — these attacks not ineffectually renewed by Sir John Hill.*

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, on its first establishment, at the æra of the Restoration, encountered fierce hostilities; nor, even at later periods, could it escape many wanton attacks. A great revolution in the human mind was opening with that establishment; for the spirit which had appeared in the recent political concussion, and which had given freedom to opinion, and a bolder scope to enterprize, had now reached the literary and philosophical world; but causes of the most opposite natures operated against this Institution of infant Science.

In the first place, the new Experimental Philosophy, full of inventions and operations, proposed to supplant the old Scholastic Philosophy, which still consisted of an obscure jargon of terms, of the most frivolous subtilties, and all those empty and artificial methods by which it pretended to decide on all topics. Too long it had fed the ear with airy speculation, while it starved the mind that languished for sense and knowledge. But this emancipation menaced the power of the followers of Aristotle, who were still slumbering in their undisputed authority, enthroned in our Universities. For centuries, the world had been taught that the Philosopher of Stagira had thought on every subject: Aristotle was quoted as equal authority with St. Paul, and his very image has been prophanely looked on with the reverence

paid to Christ. BACON had fixed a new light in Europe, and others were kindling their torches at his flame. When the great Usurper of the human understanding was once fairly opposed to Nature, he betrayed too many symptoms of mere humanity. Yet this great triumph was not obtained without severe contention; and upon the Continent, even blood has been shed in the cause of Words. In our Country, the University of Cambridge was divided by a party who called themselves *Trojans*, from their antipathy to the *Greeks*, or the Aristotelians; and once the learned Richard Harvey, the brother of Gabriel, the friend of Spenser, stung to madness by the predominant powers, to their utter dismay, set up their idol on the school-gates, with his heels upwards, and ass's ears on his head. But at this later period, when the

Royal Society was established, the war was more open, and both parties more inveterate. Now the world seemed to think, so violent is the re-action of public opinion, that they could reason better without Aristotle than with him: that he had often taught them nothing more than self-evident propositions, or had promoted that dangerous idleness of maintaining paradoxes, by quibbles, and other captious subtilties. The days had closed of the "illuminated," the "profound," and the "irrefragable," Titles, which the scholastic heroes had obtained; and the Aristotelian four modes, by which all things in nature must exist, of *Materialiter*, *Formaliter*, *Fundamentaliter*, and *Eminenter*, were now considered as nothing more than the noisy rattles, or chains of cherry-stones, which had too long detained us in the nursery of the

* This passage is evidently taken from Bacon's Reflections on Learning p. 266.

human mind [A]. The world had been cheated with words instead of things; and the new Experimental Philosophy insisted

[A] The Reader may be curious to have these Monkish terms defined. *Causes* are distinguished, by ARISTOTLE, into four kinds:—The Material cause, *ex qua*, out of which things are made; the Formal cause, *per quam*, by which a thing is that which it is, and nothing else; the Efficient cause, *a qua*, by the agency of which any thing is produced; and the Final cause, *propter quam*, the end for which it is produced. Such are his notions in his Phys. l. ii. c. iii. referred to by Brucker and Formey, in their Histories of Philosophy. Of the Scholastic Metaphysics, SPRAT, the historian of the Royal Society, observes, "that the lovers of that cloudy knowledge boast that it is an excellent instrument to refine and make subtile the minds of men. But there may be *a greater excess in the subtilty of men's wits* than in their *thickness*; as we see those threads, which are of too fine a spinning, are found to be more useless than those which are homespun and gross." Hist. of Royal Soc. p. 326.

In the history of human folly, often so closely

that men should be less loquacious, but more laborious.

connected with that of human knowledge, some of the Schoolmen (the commentators on Aquinas and others) prided themselves, and were even admired for their impenetrable obscurity! One of them, and our countryman, is singularly commended by Cardan, for that "only one of his arguments was enough to puzzle all posterity; and that, when he had grown old, he wept because he could not understand his own books." Baker, in his Reflections upon Learning, who had examined this Schoolman, declares his obscurity is such, as if he never meant to be understood.

The extravagancies of the Schoolmen are, however, not always those of Aristotle. Pope, and the Wits of that day, like these early Members of the ROYAL SOCIETY, decried Aristotle, who did not probably fall in the way of their studies. His great imperfections are in Natural Philosophy; but he still preserves his eminence for his noble treatises of Ethics and Politics, and Poetics, notwithstanding the imperfect state in which these have reached us. Mr. Copleston and Dr. Gillies have lately given an

Others there were, in that unsettled state of Politics and Religion, in whose breasts the embers of the late Revolution were still hot: they were panic-struck, that the advocates of Popery and Arbitrary Power were returning on them, disguised

energetic testimony to their perpetual value. Pope, in satirising the University as a nest of dunces, considered the followers of Aristotle as so many stalled oxen, *fat bulls of Basan,*

"A hundred head of Aristotle's friends."

DUNCIAD.

SWIFT has drawn an allegorical personage of Aristotle, by which he describes the nature of his works. "He stooped much, and made use of a staff; his visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow;" descriptive of his abrupt conciseness, his harsh style, the obscurities of his dilapidated text, and the deficiency of feeling, which his studied compression, his deep sagacity, and his analytical genius, so frequently exhibit.

as Natural Philosophers. This new terror had a very ludicrous origin:—it arose from some casual expressions, in which the Royal Society at first delighted, and by which an air of mystery was thrown over its secret movements: such was that "Universal Correspondence" which it affected to boast of; and the mention to foreigners of its "Ten Secretaries," when, in truth, all these magnificent declarations were only objects of their wishes: with another fond but singular expression, the illustrious Boyle had frequently applied to it at its earliest state, when only composed of a few friends, calling it "The Invisible College." All this concurred to make the Royal Society wear the appearance of a conspiracy against the political freedom of the Nation. At a time too, when, according to the Historian of the

Royal Society, "almost every family was widely disagreed among themselves on matters of religion," they believed that this "new Experimental Philosophy was subversive of the Christian faith!" [B] and many mortally hated the newly-invented optical glasses, the Telescope and the Microscope, as atheistical inventions, which per-

[B] SPRAT makes an ingenious observation on the notion of those who declared that "*the most learned ages are still the most atheistical, and the ignorant the most devout.*" He says this had become almost proverbial, but he shews that piety is little beholden to those who make this distinction. "The Jewish Law forbids us to offer up to God a sacrifice that has a blemish; but these men bestow the most excellent of men on the devil, and only assign to Religion, those men and those times which have the greatest blemish of human nature, even a defect in their knowledge and understanding."

Hist. of the Royal Society, p. 356.

verted our sight, and made every thing appear in a new and false light!

Others, again, were impatient for romantic discoveries; miracles were required, some were hinted at, while some were promised. In the ecstacy of imagination, they lost their soberness, forgetting they were but the historians of Nature, and not her prophets [c]. But amidst these dreams of

[c] SCIENCE, at its birth, is as much the child of imagination as curiosity; and, in rapture at the new instrument it has discovered, it impatiently magnifies its power. To the infant, all improvements are wonders; it chronicles even its dreams, and has often described what it never has seen, delightfully deceived; the cold insults of the Cynics, the wits, the dull, and the idle, maliciously mortify the infant in its sports, till it returns to slow labour and patient observation. It is rather curious, however, that when it obtains a certain state of maturity, it is liable to be attacked by the same fits of the marvellous

Hope and Fancy, the creeping Experimentalist was still left boasting of improve-

which affected its infancy;—and the following extract from one of the enthusiastic *Virtuosi* in the infancy of Science, rivals the visions of "the perfectibility of man," of which so much has occurred at this late period. Some, perhaps, may consider these strong tendencies of the imagination, breaking out at these different periods in the history of Science, to indicate results, of which the mind feels a consciousness, which the philosopher should neither indulge nor check.

"Should these heroes go on (the Royal Society) as they have happily begun, they will fill the world with wonders; and posterity will find many things that are now but *rumours*, verified into practical *realities*. It may be, some ages hence, a *voyage* to the Southern unknown tracts, yea, possibly the *Moon*, will not be more strange than one to America. To them that come after us, it may be as ordinary to *buy a pair of wings* to fly into remotest regions, as now *a pair of boots* to ride a journey. And to confer

ments, so slow that they were not perceived, and of novelties so absurd that

at the distance of the Indies, by *sympathetic conveyances,* may be as usual to future times, as to us in a literary correspondence. The restoration of *grey hairs to juvenility,* and renewing the *exhausted marrow,* may at length be effected without a miracle; and the turning the now comparative *desert world* into a *paradise,* may not improbably be expected from late *agriculture.*——

"Those that judge by the narrowness of former principles and successes, will smile at these paradoxical expectations. But the great inventions of latter ages, which altered the face of all things, in their naked proposals and mere suppositions were to former times as ridiculous. To have talked of a new earth to have been discovered, had been a romance to antiquity; and to sail without sight of stars or shores, by the guidance of a mineral, a story more absurd than the flight of Dædalus. That men should speak after their tongues were ashes, or communicate with each other in differing hemispheres,

they too often raised the laugh against their grave and unlucky discoverers. The Philosophers themselves seemed to have been fretted into the impatient humour which they attempted to correct; and the amiable EVELYN becomes an irritated satirist, when he attempts to reply to the repeated question of that day, "What have they done?" [D]

before the invention of letters, could not but have been thought a fiction. Antiquity would not have believed the almost incredible force of our cannons, and would as coldly have entertained the wonders of the telescope." GLANVILL, Scepsis Scientifica, p. 133.

[D] EVELYN, whose elegant mind, one would have imagined, had been little susceptible of such vehement anger, in the preface to his "Sylva," scolds at no common rate: "Well-meaning people are led away by the noise of a few ignorant and comical buffoons, who, with an insolence suitable to their understanding, are still crying out, *What have the*

But a source which was perpetually flowing against the Royal Society, was the ridicule incurred by the almost infantine

*Society done?*" He attributes all the opposition and ridicule the Society encountered, to a personage, not usual to introduce into a philosophical controversy—"the Enemy of Mankind." But it was well to denounce the Devil himself, as the Society had nearly lost the credit of fearing him. EVELYN insists that "next to the propagation of our most holy faith," was that of the new philosophy, for the King and the Nation; "for," he adds, "it will survive the triumphs of the proudest conquerors; since, when all their pomp and noise is ended, they are those *little things in black*, whom now in scorn they term Philosophers and Fops, to whom they must be obliged for making their names outlast the pyramids, whose founders are as unknown as the heads of Nile."—Why EVELYN designates the Philosophers as *little things in black*, requires explanation. Did they affect a dress of this colour in the reign of Charles II. or does he allude to the dingy appearance of the Chemists?

simplicity of its earliest members, led on by their honest zeal; and the absence of all discernment in many trifling and ludicrous researches, called down the malice of the wits[E]; there was, too, much of

[E] It is not easy to credit the simplicity of these early inquirers. In a Memorial in Sprat's History, entitled, "Answers returned by Sir Philliberto Vernatti to certain Inquiries sent by order of the Royal Society;" among some of the most extraordinary questions and descriptions of non-entities, which must have fatigued Sir Philliberto, who then resided in Batavia, I find the present: — "Qy 8. What ground there may be for that relation concerning *horns taking root, and growing about Goa?*" It seems the question might as well have been asked at London, and answered by some of the Members themselves; for Sir Philliberto gravely replied — "Inquiring about this, a friend laughed, and told me it was a jeer put upon the Portuguese, because the women of Goa are counted none of the chastest." Inquiries of this nature, and often the most trivial

that unjust contempt between the parties, which students of opposite pursuits and tastes, so liberally bestow on each other.

objects set off with a singular minuteness of description, tempted the laugh of the scoffers. Their great adversary STUBBE, ridiculing their mode of giving instructions for inquiries, regrets that the paper he received from them had been lost, otherwise he would have published it. "The great Mr. Boyle, when he brought it, tendered it with blushing and disorder," at the simplicity of the Royal Society! And indeed the Royal Founder himself, who, if he was something of a philosopher, was much more of a wit, set the example. The Royal Society, on the day of its creation, was the whetstone of the wit of their Patron. When Charles II. dined with the Members on the occasion of constituting them a Royal Society, towards the close of the evening, he expressed his satisfaction in being the first English Monarch who had laid a foundation for a Society who proposed that their sole studies should be directed to the investigation of the arcana of Nature; and added, with

The researches of the Antiquarian Society were sneered at by the Royal, and the Antiquaries avenged themselves by the

that peculiar gravity of countenance he usually wore on such occasions, that among such learned men he now hoped for a solution to a question which had long perplexed him. The case he thus stated: " Suppose two pails of water were fixed in two different scales that were equally poised, and which weighed equally alike, and that two live bream, or small fish, were put into either of these pails, he wanted to know the reason why that pail, with such addition, should not weigh more than the other pail which stood against it."—Every one was ready to set at quiet the Royal curiosity; but it appeared that every one was giving a different opinion. One, at length, offered so ridiculous a solution, that another of the members could not refrain from a loud laugh; when the King, turning to him, insisted, that he should give his sentiments as well as the rest. This he did without hesitation; and told his Majesty, in plain terms, that he denied the fact!—On which the King, in high mirth, exclaimed, " Odds fish, bro-

astonishment they expressed at the proceedings of the Naturalists; while the Student of Classical Literature was equally slighted by the new Philosophers; who, leaving the study of words and the elegancies of rhetoric, for that, merely of things, declared as the cynical Antient did of Metaphors, "Poterimus vivere sine illis"—We can do very well without them!—The ever-witty SOUTH, in his Oration at Oxford, made this poignant reflexion on the Royal Society:—"Mirantur nihil nisi pulices, pediculos, et seipsos"—They can admire nothing except fleas, lice, and themselves!—And even HOBBES so little comprehended the utility of these new pur-

ther, you are in the right!"—The jest was not ill designed. The story was often useful, to cool the enthusiasm of the scientific visionary, who is apt often to account for what never has existed.

* The present Monarch, William IV. played off a joke upon Lord Napier, who afterwards died in Ghana, when he held the office of It was the duty of his Lordship to put the Crown on the King's head; in the robing room, before he took his seat on the throne in the House of Lords. "My Lord" said his Majesty, which is the Front?" The Peer turned it ro

suits, that he considered the Royal Society merely as so many labourers, who, when they had washed their hands after their work, should leave to others the polishing of their discourses. He classed them, in the way they were proceeding, with apothecaries and gardeners, and mechanics, who might now "all put in for, and get the prize." Even at a later period, Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE imagined the Virtuosi to be only so many Sir Nicholas Gimcracks; and contemptuously called them, from the place of their first meeting, "the Men of Gresham!" doubtless considering them as wise as "the Men of Gotham!" Even now, men of other tempers and other studies, still ridicule, still censure, still refuse the palm of Philosophy to this patient race and their over-curious researches. WOTTON, who wrote

so zealously at the commencement of the last century in favour of modern knowledge, is alarmed lest the effusions of wit, in his time, should "deaden the industry of the Philosophers of the next age; for," he adds, "nothing wounds so effectually as a jest; and when men once become ridiculous, their labours will be slighted, and they will find few imitators." The alarm shews his zeal, but not his discernment: human nature is incorrigible, when curiosity is the passion to be extinguished. "The Philosophers of the next age" have shewn themselves as persevering as their predecessors, and the Wits as malicious. The contest between men of meditation and men of experiment, is a very ancient quarrel; and the "divine" Socrates was no friend, and even a ridiculer, of those very

pursuits for which the ROYAL SOCIETY was established. [F]

[F] EVELYN, who could himself be a wit occasionally, was however much annoyed by the scorners. He applies a passage in Nehemiah ii. 19. of those who laughed at the *Builders of Jerusalem*, to these wits: "These are the Sanballats, the Horonites, who disturb our men upon the wall; but *let us rise up and build!*" He describes these Horonites of Wit as "Magnificent fops, whose talents reach but to the adjusting of their peruques." But the ROYAL SOCIETY was attacked from other quarters, which ought to have assisted them. EVELYN, in his valuable treatise on Forest-trees, had inserted a new project for making Cyder; and STUBBE insisted, that in consequence "much cyder had been spoiled within these three years, by following the directions published by the commands of the Royal Society."—They afterwards announced, that they never considered themselves as answerable for their own Memoirs; which gave STUBBE occasion to boast, that he had forced them to deny what they had written. A passage in HOBBES's "Considerations upon his

In founding this infant empire of knowledge, a memorable literary war broke out between GLANVILL, the author of the treatise on "Witches, &c." and STUBBE, a physician, a man of great genius. It is the privilege of Genius to perpetuate even its literary quarrels by its monuments; to

Reputation, &c." is as remarkable for the force of style, as that of sense, and may be applicable to *some* at this day, notwithstanding the progress of Science, and the importance attached to their busy idleness:

"Every man that hath spare money can get furnaces, and buy coals. Every man that hath spare money can be at the charge of making great moulds, &c. and so may have the best and greatest telescopes. They can get engines made, recipients made, and try conclusions: but they are never the more philosophers for all this. 'Tis laudable to bestow money on curious or useful delights, but that is none of the praises of a philosopher." P. 53.

make its ingenious controversies enter into the history of the human mind; and what is but temporary among the vulgar of mankind, of perpetual interest to the curious and the intelligent. The present contest, though the spark of contention flew out of a private quarrel, at length blazed into a public controversy.

As it happens in more criminal wars, STUBBE, who had been only invited for his aid, soon made it a war of his own; and the name of the minor power is lost in the boasted atchievements of the more potent ally.

But the history of this obscure personage is connected with that of the Royal Society, since he represents in his person that prevailing class of Aristotelians, whose literary superstitions, in their blind devotion to their idol, so fiercely opposed the new Philo-

sophy. SPRAT had written his celebrated "History of the Royal Society," to shew that Experimental Philosophy was neither designed for the extinction of the Universities, nor of the Christian Religion: these, at first, by the substitution of a new kind of knowledge and its results, were really imagined to be in danger!

GLANVILL, a member of the Royal Society, with the ardent spirit of inquiry now rising in the philosophical world, had roused the drowsy sect of the Peripatetics, and had struck at the ancient despotism of their Master. A neighbour of GLANVILL, one CROSS, the vicar of Great Chew in Somersetshire, a staunch Aristotelian, had the reputation of being the invincible disputant of the county. Some, who had in vain contended with GLANVILL, now contrived to inveigle our little David into a visit, or

rather an ambuscade, with "the Philistine of Gath," whose "spear," and whose "spear's head," had so long been the boast of Great Chew.

When GLANVILL entered the house, he perceived that he was to begin an acquaintance in a quarrel, which was not the happiest way to preserve it. The Vicar of Great Chew sat amidst his congregated admirers. The Peripatetic had promised them the annihilation of the new-fashioned Virtuoso; and, like an angry boar, had already been preluding, by whetting his tusks. Scarcely had the first cold civilities passed, when GLANVILL found himself involved in single combat with an assailant armed with the ten categories of Aristotle. Cross, with his *Quodam modo*, and his *Modo quodam*, with his *Ubi* and his *Quando*, scattered the ideas of the simple

Experimentalist, who, confining himself to a simple recital of *facts* and a description of *things*, was referring, not to the works of Aristotle, but to the works of Nature. The imperative Aristotelian was wielding weapons, which, says GLANVILL, "were nothing more than like those of a cudgel-player, or fencing-master." [G]

[G] The ninth chapter in the "Plus Ultra," entitled "The Credit of Optic Glasses vindicated against a disputing Man, who is afraid to believe his eyes against Aristotle," gives one of the ludicrous incidents of this philosophical visit. The Disputer raised a whimsical objection against the Science of Optics; insisting that the newly-invented glasses, the Telescope, the Microscope, &c. were all deceitful and fallacious: for, said the Aristotelian, "Take two spectacles, use them at the same time, and you will not see so well as with one singly—*Ergo*, your Microscopes and Telescopes are impostors." How this was forced into a syllogism does not appear; but still the conclusion ran, "We can see better through

The last blow was still reserved, when Cross asserted that Aristotle had more advantages for knowledge than the Royal

one pair than two, therefore all perspectives are fallacious!"

One proposition for sense,
And t' other for convenience,

will make a tolerable syllogism for a logician in despair. The Aristotelian was however somewhat puzzled, by a problem which he had himself raised, "Why we cannot see with two pair of spectacles better than with one singly; for the man of axioms observed, "*Vis unita fortior*:" "United strength *is stronger*." It is curious enough, in the present day, to observe the sturdy Aristotelian denying these discoveries, and the praises of Optics, and "the new glasses," by Glanvill.—"If this philosopher (says the Member of the Royal Society) had spared some of those thoughts to the profitable doctrine of Optics, which he hath spent upon *Genus* and *Species*, we had never heard of this objection." And he replies to the paradox which the Aristotelian had raised, by "Why cannot

Society, or all the present age had, or could have, for this definitive reason: "because Aristotle did, *totam peragrare Asiam*," he travelled over all Asia! a journey considered, at Great Chew, as inimitable as the pilgrimage of Mahomet, on his great ass, to the Seventh Heaven. Besides, in the Chew philosophy, where novelty was treason, improvements or discoveries could never exist. Here the Aristotelian made his stand; and at length, gently hooking GLANVILL between the horns of a dilemma, the entrapped Vir-

he write better with *two pens* than with a *single one*, since *Vis unita fortior?* When he hath answered this *Quære*, he hath resolved his own. The reason he gave why it should be so, is the reason why 'tis not."—Such are the squabbles of infantine Science, which cannot as yet discover causes, although it has ascertained effects.

tuoso threw himself into an unguarded affirmation: at which the Vicar of Great Chew shouting in triumph, with a Sardonic grin declared that Glanvill, and his Royal Society, had now avowed themselves to be atheistical! This made an end of the interview, and a beginning of the quarrel. [H]

[H] This appears in Chap. XVIII. of the "Plus Ultra." With great simplicity, GLANVILL relates: — "At this period of the conference, the Disputer lost all patience, and with sufficient spite and rage told me, 'That I was an Atheist! That he had indeed desired my acquaintance, but would have no more on't;' and so turned his back and went away, giving me time only to answer, that 'I had no great reason to lament the loss of an acquaintance, that could be so easily forfeited'." The following chapter vindicates the Royal Society from the charge of Atheism! to assure the world they were not to be ranked "among the black conspirators against Heaven!"

GLANVILL addressed an expostulatory letter to the inhuman Aristotelian, who only replied by calling it a Recantation, asserting, that the affair had finished with the conviction.

On this GLANVILL produced his "PLUS ULTRA," [1] on the modern improvements

[1] This book was so scarce in 1757, that the Writer in the Biographia Britannica observes, that this "small, but elegant treatise, is still very much esteemed by the curious, being become so scarce, as not to be met with in other hands." Oldys, in 1738, had, in his "British Librarian," selected this work among the scarce and valuable books of which he has presented us with so many useful analyses.

The history of books is often curious. At one period a book is scarce and valuable, and at another is neither one nor the other. This does not always depend on the caprice of the Public, or what may be called literary fashions. Glanvill's "Plus Ultra"

of knowledge. The quaint title, referred to that Asian argument, which placed the boundaries of knowledge at the ancient limits fixed by Aristotle, like the Pillars of Hercules, on which was inscribed, *Ne plus ultra*, to mark the extremity of the world. But GLANVILL asserted, we might advance still further — *Plus ultra!* To this book the Aristotelian replied, with such rancour, that he could not obtain a licence for the invective, either at Oxford or London. GLANVILL contrived to get some extracts, and printed a small number of copies for his friends, under the sarcastic title of "The Chew Gazette;" a curiosity, we are told, of literary scolding; and

* is probably now of easy occurrence; like a prophecy fully completed, the uncertain event has been verified, and the Prophet has ceased to be remembered.

which might now, among literary trinkets, fetch a Roxburgh prize.

Cross, maddened that he could not get his bundle of Peripatetic ribaldries printed, wrote ballads, which he got sung as it chanced. But suppressed invectives and eking rhimes, could but ill appease so fierce a mastiff: he set on the poor F.R.S. an animal as rabid, but more vigorous than himself—both of them strangely prejudiced against the modern improvements of knowledge; so that, like mastiffs in the dark, they were only the fiercer.

This was Dr. Henry Stubbe, a physician of Warwick, one of those ardent and versatile characters, strangely made up of defects, as strongly marked as their excellencies. He was one of those authors, who, among their numerous remains, leave

little of permanent value; for their busy spirits too keenly delight in temporary controversies; and they waste the efforts of a mind on their own age, which else had made the next their own. Careless of worldly opinions, these extraordinary men, with the simplicity of children, are mere beings of sensation; perpetually precipitated by their feelings with slight powers of reflection, and just as sincere when they act in contradiction to themselves, as when they do so to others. In their moral habits, therefore, we are often struck with strange contrasts; their whole life is a jumble of actions, and we are apt to condemn their versatility of principles, as arising from dishonest motives; yet their temper has often proved more generous, and their integrity purer, than others, who have crept up, in one unvarying progress,

to an eminence which they quietly possess, without any of the ardour of these original minds. To such a man, one of the most tremendous menaces might be that of an enemy writing his life; and when STUBBE attacked the ROYAL SOCIETY, this threat was held out to him. But menaces never startled his intrepid genius; he roved in all his wild greatness; and, always occupied more by present views, than interested by the past events of his life, he cared little for his consistency, in the high spirit of his independence.

The extraordinary character of STUBBE naturally produced as uncommon a history. STUBBE had originally been a child of fortune, picked up by the favour of Sir HENRY VANE the younger, at Westminster School, who sent him to Oxford, where this effervescent genius was, says Wood, "kicked,

and beaten, and whipped." But if these little circumstances marked the irritability and boldness of his youth, it was equally distinguished by an entire devotion to his studies. Perhaps one of the most anomalous of human characters was that of his patron, Sir HENRY VANE the younger, (whom Milton has immortalised in one of the noblest of sonnets) the head of the Independents, who combined with the darkest spirit of fanaticism, the clear views of the most sagacious politician. The early gratitude of STUBBE lasted through the changeful fortunes of the chief of a faction — a long date in the records of human affection! STUBBE had written against Monarchy, the Church, the University, &c. for which, after the Restoration, he was accused by his antagonists. He exults in the reproach; he replies with all

that frankness of simplicity, so beautiful amidst our artificial manners! He denies not the charge, but never trims, nor glosses over, nor would veil, a single part of his conduct. He wrote to serve his patrons, but never himself. —I will preserve the whole of this noble passage in the note. [K]

[K] When SPRAT and GLANVILL, and others, had threatened to write his Life, STUBBE draws this apology for it, while he shews how much, in a time of Revolutions, the Royal Society might want one for themselves.

" I was so far from being daunted at those rumours and threats, that I enlarged much this book thereupon, and resolved to charge the enemy home, when I saw how weak a resistance I should meet with. I knew that recriminations were no answers. I understood well, that the passages of a life like mine, spent in different places with much privacy and obscurity, was unknown to them; that even those actions they would fix their greatest calumnies upon, were such as that they understood not the grounds,

Wood bears witness to his perfect disinterestedness. He never partook of the prosperity of his patron, nor even mixed

nor had they learning enough and skill to condemn. I was at Westminster School when the late King was beheaded. I never took covenant nor engagement. In sum, I SERVED MY PATRON. I endeavoured to express my *gratitude* to him who had relieved me, being a *child,* and in great poverty (the rebellion in Ireland having deprived my parents of all means wherewith to educate me), who made me a king's scholar, preferred me to Christchurch College, Oxon. and who often supplied me with money, when my tender years gave him little hopes of any return; and who protected me amidst the *Presbyterians* and *Independents,* and other *Sects:* with none thereof did I contract any relation or acquaintance; my familiarity never engaged me with ten of that party, and my genius and humour inclined me to fewer. I neither enriched, nor otherwise advanced myself during the late troubles, and shared the common *odium* and *dangers,* not *prosperity,* with my *bene-*

among any parties, still loving the retirement of his private studies: and if he scorned and hated one party, the Presbyterians, it

*factor.* I believe no generous man, who hath the least sense of bravery will condemn me; and I profess I am ashamed rather to have done so little, than that I have done so much, for him, that so frankly obliged a *stranger* and a *child.* When Gracchus was put to death for sedition, that faithful friend and accomplice of his was dismissed and mentioned with honour by all posterity, who, when he was impeached, *justified his treason* by the avowing a FRIENDSHIP so great, that whatever Gracchus had commanded him, he would not have declined it. And being further questioned, Whether he would have burned the Capitol at his bidding? he replied again, That he should have done it; but Gracchus would not bid such a thing. They that knew me heretofore, know I have a thousand times thus apologised for myself; adding, that in *vassals* and *slaves,* and persons *transcendently obliged,* their fidelity exempted them from all ignominy, though the prin-

was, says Wood, because his high generous nature detested men "void of generous souls, sneaking, snivelling, &c."—STUBBE appears to have carried this philosophical indifference towards objects of a higher interest, it will be conceived, than mere money; for, at the Restoration, he found no difficulty to conform to the

cipal *Lords, Masters,* and *Patrons,* might be accaccounted *Traytors.* My youth, and other circumstances, incapacitated me from rendering him any great services; but *all that I did,* and *all that I writ,* had no other aim than *his interest;* nor do I care how much any man can inodiate my former writings, as long as they were subservient to him.

"Having made this declaration, let them (or more able men than they) write the life of a man who hath some virtues of the most celebrated times, and hath preserved himself free from the vices of these. My reply shall be a scornful silence."

*Preface to* STUBBE'S "*Legends no Histories,*" 1670.

Church [L], and to the Government. The King bestowed on him the title of his physician; yet STUBBE went to Jamaica, and intended to have proceeded to Mexico and Peru, pursuing his profession, but still an adventurer, and this merely for the sake of making philosophical experiments. At length STUBBE returned home, established himself as a physician at Warwick, where, though he died early, he soon

[L] His reasons for conformity, on these important objects, are given with his usual simplicity.—"I have at length removed all the umbrages I ever lay under. I have joined myself to the Church of England, not only upon account of its being *publicly imposed* (which in *things indifferent* is no small consideration, as I learned from the Scottish transactions at Perth), but because it is *the least defining*, and consequently, *the most comprehensive and fitting, to be national.*"

made his name celebrated. The fertility of his pen appears in a great number of philosophical, political, and medical publications. But all his great learning, the facility of his genius, his poignant wit, his high professional character, his lofty independence, his scorn of practising the little mysterious arts of life, availed nothing; for, while he was making himself cheap in the eyes of the vulgar, he was eagerly depreciated by those, who would not willingly allow merit to a man, who owned no master, and who feared no rival.

Literary coteries were then held at coffee-houses; and there, presided the voluble STUBBE, with "a big and magisterial voice, while his mind was equal to it," says the characterising Wood; but his attenuated frame seemed too delicate to hold long so unbroken a spirit. It was an acci-

dent, however, which closed this life of toil and hurry and petulant genius. Going to a patient at night, STUBBE was drowned in a very shallow river, "his head (adds our Cynic, who had generously paid the tribute of his just admiration, with his strong peculiarity of style) being then intoxicated with bibbing, but more with talking, and snuffing of powder."

Such was the adversary of the Royal Society! It is quite in character, that under the government of Cromwell, he himself should have spread a taste for what was then called "The New Philosophy," among our youth and gentlemen; and this with the view of rendering the Clergy contemptible; or, as he says, "to make them appear egregious fools in matters of common discourse." Thus, he had always a motive for his actions, however

opposite they were; pretending that he was never moved by caprice, but guided by principle. One of his adversaries, however, has reason to say, that judging him by his "printed papers, he was a man of excellent contradictory parts." After the Restoration, he furnished as odd, but as forcible a reason, in opposing the Royal Society. At that time the nation, recent from republican ardours, was often panic-struck by papistical conspiracies, and projects of arbitrary power; and it was on this principle that he took part against the Society. Instigated by Dr. Fell and others, he suffered them to infuse some extravagant opinions into his mind, which ought to have exerted its native strength in throwing them off. No private ends appear to have influenced his changeable

conduct; and in the present instance he was sacrificing his personal feelings to his public principles; for STUBBE was then in the most friendly correspondence with the illustrious BOYLE, the Father of the Royal Society, who admired the ardour of STUBBE, till he found its inconvenience.

STUBBE opened his formidable attacks, for they form a series, by replying to the "Plus Ultra" of GLANVILL, with a title as quaint, "The *Plus Ultra* reduced to a *Non-plus*, in animadversions on Mr. Glanville and the Virtuosi." For a pretence of this violent attack, he strained a passage in GLANVILL; insisting that the honour of the whole Faculty, of which he was a member, was deeply concerned, to refute GLANVILL's assertion, that "the ancient physicians could not cure a cut finger."—

This GLANVILL denied he had ever affirmed or thought [M]; but war once re-

[M] The aspersed passage in GLANVILL is this:—"The philosophers of elder times, though their wits were excellent, yet the way they took was not like to bring much advantage to knowledge, or any of the uses of human life, being, for the most part, that of *Notion* and *Dispute*, which still runs round in a labyrinth of talk, but advanceth nothing. *These methods*, in so many centuries, *never brought the world so much practical beneficial knowledge as could help towards the cure of a cut finger.*" Plus Ultra, p. 7.—STUBBE, with all the malice of a wit, drew his inference, and turned the point unfairly against his adversary!

I shall here observe how much some have to answer, in a literary Court of Conscience, when they unfairly depreciate the works of a contemporary; and how idly the literary historian performs his task, whenever he adopts the character of a writer, from another who is his adversary. This may be particularly shewn in the present instance.

solved on, a pretext as slight as the present serves the purpose; and so that an odium be raised against the enemy, the end is obtained before the injustice is acknowledged. This is indeed the history of other wars than those of words. The present was protracted with an hostility unsubduing and unsubdued. At length the malicious ingenuity, or the heated fancy, of STUBBE, hardily sketched a political conspiracy, by accusing the ROYAL SOCIETY, of having adopted the monstrous

MORHOFF, in his *Polyhistor Litteraria,* censures the *Plus Ultra* of GLANVILL, conceiving that he had treated with contempt all ages and nations but his own. The German Bibliographer had never seen the book, but took its character from STUBBE and MERIC CASAUBON. The design of the *Plus Ultra,* however, differs little from the other works of GLANVILL, which MORHOFF had seen, and has highly commended.

projects of CAMPANELLA;—an anomalous genius, who was confined by the Inquisition the greater part of his life, and who, among some political reveries, projected the establishment of an universal empire, though he was for shaking off the yoke of authority in the philosophical world. He was for one Government and one Religion throughout Europe, but otherwise left the minds of men quite free. CAMPANELLA was one of the new lights of the age; and his hardy, though wild genius, much more resembled our STUBBE, who denounced his extravagancies, than any of the Royal Society, to whom he was so artfully compared.

This tremendous attack appeared in STUBBE'S "Campanella revived, or an Enquiry into the History of the Royal Society; whether the Virtuosi there do not

pursue the Projects of Campanella, for reducing England unto Popery; relating the quarrel betwixt H. S. and the R. S. &c. 1670." [N]

[N] The political reverie of CAMPANELLA was even suspected to cover very opposite designs to those he seemed to be proposing to the world. He attempted to turn men's minds from all enquiries into politics and religion, to mere philosophical ones. He wished that the passions of mankind might be so directed, as to spend their force in philosophical discussions, and in improvements in Science. He therefore insisted on an uniformity on those great subjects which have so long agitated modern Europe; for the Ancients seem to have had no wars merely for Religion, and perhaps none for modes of Government. One may discover an enlightened principle in the project; but the character of CAMPANELLA was a jumble of sense, subtilty, and wildness. He probably masked his real intentions. He appears an advocate for the firm establishment of the Papal Despotism; yet he aims to give an enlightened principle to regulate the

Such was the dread of his reiterated attacks on the Royal Society, that they employed against him all the petty perse-

actions of mankind. The intentions of a visionary are difficult to define. If he was really an advocate for Despotism, what occasioned an imprisonment for the greater part of his days? Did he lay his project much deeper than the surface of things? Did CAMPANELLA imagine, that, if men were allowed to philosophise with the utmost freedom, the despotism of Religion and Politics would dissolve away in the weakness of its quiescent state?

The project is a chimæra—but, according to the projector, the political and religious freedom of *England* formed its greatest obstacle. Part of his plan, therefore, includes the means of weakening the Insular Heretics by intestine divisions — a mode not seldom practised by the Continental Powers of France and Spain.

The political project of this fervid genius was, that his "Prince," the Spanish King, should be the mightiest sovereign in Europe. For this, he was

cutions of power and intrigue. "Thirty Legions," says STUBBE, alluding to the famous reply of the Philosopher, who

first to prohibit all theological controversies from the Transalpine schools, those of Germany, &c. "A controversy," he observes, "always shews a kind of victory, and may serve as an authority to a bad cause." He would therefore admit of no commentaries on the Bible, to prevent all diversity of opinion. He would have revived the ancient philosophical sects, instead of the modern religious sects.

The *Greek* and the *Hebrew* languages were not to be taught! for the republican freedom of the ancient Jews and Grecians had often proved destructive of Monarchy. HOBBES, in the bold scheme of his Leviathan, seems to have been aware of this fatality. CAMPANELLA would substitute for these ancient languages, the study of the *Arabic* tongue! The troublesome Transalpine Wits might then employ themselves in confuting the Turks, rather than in vexing the Catholics; so closely did sagacity and extravagance associate in the mind of this wild genius. But

would not dispute with a crowned head, "were to be called to aid you against a young country-physician, who had so long

*Mathematical* and *Astronomical* Schools, and other Institutions for the encouragement of the *Mechanical Arts*, and particularly those to which the Northern genius is most apt, as Navigation, &c. were to occupy the studies of the people, divert them from exciting fresh troubles, and withdraw them from theological factions. CAMPANELLA thus would make men great in Science, having first made them slaves in Politics; a philosophical people were to be the subjects of Despots — not an impossible event!

His plan, remarkable enough, of *weakening the English*, I give in his words:—"No better way can possibly be found than by causing divisions and dissentions among them, and by continually keeping up the same; which will furnish the Spaniard and the French with advantageous opportunities. As for their Religion, which is a moderated Calvinism, that cannot be so easily extinguished and rooted out there, unless there were some schools set up in

discontinued studies of this nature." However, he announces that he has finished three works against the Royal Society, and

Flanders, where the English have great commerce, by means of which there may be scattered abroad the seeds of schism and division. These people being of a nature which is still desirous of novelties and change, they are easily wrought over to any thing." Let me add, the project of these *Schools* was tried at Douay in Flanders, and at Valladolid in Spain, and other places. They became nests of rebellion for the English Catholics; or for any one, who, being discontented with Government, was easily converted to any Religion which aimed to overturn the British Constitution. The *secret history* of the Roman Catholics in England remains yet to be told: they indeed had their martyrs and their heroes; but the *public effects* appear in the frequent executions which occurred in the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

STUBBE appears to have imagined that the ROYAL SOCIETY was really formed on the principle of CAMPANELLA; to withdraw the people from intermed-

has a fourth nearly ready, if it be necessary to prove that the rhetorical History of the Society by SPRAT must be bad, because

dling with *Politics* and *Religion,* by engaging them merely in philosophical pursuits.—The reaction of the public mind is an object not always sufficiently indicated by historians. The vile hypocrisy and mutual persecutions of the numerous fanatics, occasioned very relaxed and tolerant principles of Religion at the Restoration; as, the democratic fury having spent itself, too great an indulgence was now allowed to Monarchy. STUBBE was alarmed, that should Popery be established, the Crown of England would become feudatory to foreign power, and embroil the nation in the restitution of all the Abbey Lands, of which, at the Reformation, the Church had so zealously been plundered. He was still further alarmed that the *Virtuosi* would influence the education of our youth, to these purposes; "an evil," says he, "which has been guarded against by our ancestors in founding *Free-Schools,* by uniformity of instruction cementing men's minds." We now smile at these

"no eloquence can be complete if the subject-matter be foolish!" They not only threatened to write his life [o], but they re-

terrors; perhaps they were sometimes real. It is but recently that the absolute necessity of one strict conformity to the prevalent Religion of Europe was avowed in that unrivaled scheme of Despotism, which menaced to efface every track of popular freedom, and the independence of Nations.

[o] To this threat of writing his Life, we have already noticed the noble apology he has drawn up for the versatility of his opinions. See p. 39.—At the moment of the Restoration, it was unwise for any of the parties to reproach another for their opinions or their actions. In a National Revolution, most men are implicated in the general reproach; and STUBBE said, on this occasion, that "he had observed worse faces in the Society than his own." Waller and Sprat, and Cowley, had equally commemorated the Protectorship of Cromwell, and the Restoration of Charles. Our Satirist insidiously congratulates himself that "*he* had never compared

presented him to the King as a libeller, who ought to be whipped at a cart's tail; a circumstance which STUBBE records with the indignation of a Roman spirit [P]. They

Oliver the regicide to Moses, or his Son to Joshua;" nor that he had ever written any Pindaric Ode, "dedicated to the happy memory of the most renowned Prince Oliver, Lord Protector:" nothing to recommend "the sacred urn" of that blessed spirit to the veneration of posterity; as if

"His *fame*, like men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of itself turn *whiter* too,
Without what needless art can do."

These lines were, I think, taken from Sprat himself! STUBBE adds, It would be "imprudent in them to look beyond the Act of Indemnity and Oblivion, which was more necessary to the Royal Society than to me, who joined with no party, &c."

*Preface to "Legends no Histories."*

[P] He has described this intercourse of his enemies at Court with the King, where, when this

stopped his works several times, and by some stratagem they hindered him from correcting the press; but nothing could impede the career of his fearless genius. He

punishment was suggested, " a generous personage, altogether unknown to me, being present, bravely and frankly interposed, saying, that 'whatever I was, I was a Roman; that Englishmen were not so precipitously to be condemned to so exemplary a punishment; that representing that book to be a libel against the King, was too remote a consequence to be admitted of in a nation free-born, and governed by laws, and tender of ill precedents'." It was a noble speech, in the relaxed politics of the Court of Charles II. He who made it deserved to have had his name more explicitly told: he is designated as " that excellent Englishman, the great ornament of this Age, Nation, and House of Commons; he whose single worth balanceth much of the debaucheries, follies, and impertinencies of the Kingdom." *A Reply unto the Letter written to Mr. Henry Stubbe, Oxford,* 1671, *p.* 20.

treated with infinite ridicule their trivial or their marvellous discoveries, in his "Legends no Histories," and his "Censure on some Passages of the History of the Royal Society." But while he ridiculed, he could instruct them; often contributing new knowledge, which the Royal Society had certainly been proud to have registered in their History. In his determination of depreciating the novelties of his day, he disputes even the honour of HARVEY to the discovery of the Circulation of the Blood: he attributes it to ANDREAS CÆSALPINUS, who not only discovered it, but has given it the name of *Circulatio Sanguinis* [Q].

[Q] STUBBE gives some curious information on this subject. HARVEY published his Treatise at Frankfort 1628, but CÆSALPINUS's Work had appeared in 1593. HARVEY adopted the notion, and

STUBBE was not only himself a man of Science, but a caustic satirist, who blends much pleasantry with his bitterness. In

more fully and perspicuously proved it. I shall give what STUBBE says. "HARVEY, in his two Answers to Riolan, no where asserts the invention so to himself, as to deny that he had the intimation or notion from Cæsalpinus; and his silence I take for a tacit confession. His *ambition of glory* made him *willing to be thought the author of a paradox* he had so illustrated, and brought upon the Stage, where *it lay unregarded,* and in all probability buried in oblivion; yet such was his modesty, as not to vindicate it to himself by telling a lie."

*Stubbe's* Censure, &c. p. 112.

I give this literary anecdote, as it enters into the history of most discoveries, of which the *Improvers,* rather than the *Inventors,* are usually more known to the world. Bayle, who wrote much later than STUBBE, asserts the same, and has preserved the entire passage, art. *Cæsalpinus.* It is said HARVEY is more expressly indebted to a passage in SERVETUS,

the first ardour of philosophical discovery, the Society, delighted by the acquisition of new facts, which rarely proved to be

which Wotton has given in the preface to his "Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning," edition 1725. The notion was probably then afloat, and each alike contributed to its developement. Thus it was disputed with COPERNICUS, whether his great discovery of a fixed sun, and the earth wheeling round that star, was his own: others had certainly observed it; yet the invention was still Copernican: for that great genius alone corrected, extended, and gave perfection to a hint, till it expanded to a system.

So gradual have often been the great inventions of Genius. What others *conjectured,* and some *discovered,* HARVEY *demonstrated.* The fate of HARVEY's discovery is a curious instance of that patience and fortitude which Genius must too often exert in respect to itself. Though HARVEY lived to his eightieth year, he hardly witnessed his great discovery established before he died; and it has been

important, and were often ludicrous in their detail, the members appear to have too much neglected the arts of reasoning, or practised even common discernment, or what we might term philosophy in its more enlarged sense [R]. STUBBE has no

said, that he was the only one of his contemporaries who lived to see it in some repute. No physician adopted it; and, when it got into vogue, they then disputed whether he was the inventor!—Sir William Temple denied not only the discovery, but the doctrine of the Circulation of the Blood. "Sense can hardly allow it; which," says he, "in this dispute, must be satisfied, as well as Reason, before mankind will concur."

[R] STUBBE has an eloquent passage, which describes the philosophy of Science. The new Experimental School had perhaps too wholly rejected some virtues of the old one; the cultivation of the human understanding, as well as the mere observation on the facts that they collected; an error which has not been entirely removed.

respect for "a Society," though dignified by the addition of "Royal;" for "a Cabinet of Virtuosi are but pitiful reasoners. Ig-

"That art of reasoning by which the prudent are discriminated from fools, which methodiseth and facilitates our discourses, which informs us of the validity of consequences and the probability of arguments, and manifests the fallacies of impostors; that art which gives life to solid eloquence, and which renders Statesmen, Divines, Physicians, and Lawyers, accomplished; how is this cried down and vilified, by the ignoramuses of these days. What contempt is there raised upon the disputative Ethics of Aristotle and the Stoics; and those moral instructions, which have produced the Alexanders and the Ptolemies, the Pompeys and the Ciceros, are now slighted in comparison of *day-labouring!* Did we live at Sparta, where the daily employments were the exercises of substantial virtue and gallantry, and *men*, like *setting-dogs*, were rather *bred up* unto, than *taught* reason and worth, it were a more tolerable proposal (though the different policy of these

norance is infectious; and 'tis possible for men to grow fools by contact. I will speak to the Virtuosi in the language of the Romish Saint Francis (who, in the wilderness, so humbly addressed his only friends), '*Salvete, fratres asini! Salvete, fratres lupi!*' 'Bless ye, brother wolves! Bless ye, brother asses!" As for their Transactions and their History, he thinks "they purpose to grow famous, as the Turks do to gain Paradise, by *treasuring up all the waste paper they meet with.*" He rallies them on some ridiculous attempts, such as "An Art of Flying;" an art, says STUBBE, in which they have not so much as effected the

times would not admit of it); but this *working*, so recommended, is but the *feeding of carp in the air*, &c. As for the study of Politics, and all critical learning, these are either pedantical, or tedious, to those who have *a shorter way of studying men.*"

*Preface to "Legends no Histories."*

most facile part of the attempt, which is to break their necks!

SPRAT, in his Dedication to the King, had said that "the establishment of the Royal Society was an enterprise equal to the most renowned actions of the best princes." One would imagine that the notion of a monarch founding a society for the cultivation of the Sciences, could hardly be made objectionable; but, in literary controversy, Genius has the power of wresting all things to its purpose by its own peculiar force, and the art of placing every object in the light it chuses, and can thus obtain our attention, in spite of our conviction. I will add the curious animadversion of STUBBE, on SPRAT's compliment to the King.

"Never Prince acquired the fame of great and good by any knick-knacks—but

by actions of political wisdom, courage, justice, &c."

STUBBE shews how Dionysius and Nero had been depraved by these *mechanic philosophers* — that

"An Aristotelian would never pardon himself if he compared *this* heroical enterprize with the actions of our Black Prince or Henry V.; or with Henry VIII. in demolishing abbeys, and rejecting the papal authority; or Queen Elizabeth's exploits against Spain; or her restoring the Protestant Religion, putting the Bible into English, and supporting the Protestants beyond sea. But the reasons he (SPRAT) gives why the establishment of the Royal Society of Experimentators equals the most renowned actions of the best princes, is such a pitiful one as Guzman de Alfarache never met with in the whole extent of the *Hospital of Fools*—'To increase the power, by new arts, of conquered nations!' These

consequences are twisted like the *cordage of Ocnus*, the God of Sloth, in Hell, which are fit for nothing but *to fodder asses with.* If our Historian means by *every little invention to increase the powers of mankind*, as an enterprise of such renown, he is deceived; this glory is not due to such as go about with a dog and a hoop, nor to the practisers of legerdemain, or upon the high or low rope; not to every mountebank and his man Andrew; all which, with many other mechanical and experimental philosophers, do in some sort increase the powers of mankind, and differ no more from some of the Virtuosi, than *a cat in a hole* doth from a *cat out of a hole;* betwixt which that inquisitive person ASDRYASDUST TOSSOFFACAN found a very great resemblance. 'Tis not the increasing of the *powers of mankind* by a pendulum watch, nor spectacles whereby divers may see under water, nor the new ingenuity of apple-roasters, nor every petty discovery or instrument,

must be put in comparison, much less preferred before the *protection and enlargement of empires**."

Had STUBBE's death not occurred, this warfare had probably continued. He insisted on a complete victory. He had forced the Royal Society to disclaim their own works, by announcing they were not answerable as a body, for the various contributions which they gave the world: an advertisement which has been more than once found necessary to be renewed. As for their historian SPRAT, our intrepid STUBBE very unexpectedly offered to manifest to the Parliament that this courtly adulator, by his book, was chargeable with high treason; supposing, with STUBBE, that the Royal Society were really engaged so deeply as he imagined, in the portentous Cæsarean Popery of CAM-

* Legends no Histories, p. 5.

PANELLA. GLANVILL, who had "insulted all university learning," had been immolated at the pedestal of Aristotle. "I have done enough," he adds, "since my animadversions contain more than they all knew; and that these have shewn that the *Virtuosi* are very great impostors, or men of little reading;" alluding to the various discoveries which they promulgated as novelties, but which STUBBE had asserted were known to the ancients and others of a later period. This forms a perpetual accusation against Inventors and Discoverers, who may often exclaim, 'Perish those who have done our good works before us! "The discoveries of the Ancients and Moderns" by Dutens, had this book been then published, might have assisted our keen investigator; but our combatant ever proudly met his adversaries single-handed.

The "Philosophical Transactions" were afterwards accused of another kind of high-treason, against grammar and common sense. The collectors of facts, were long before they practised the art of writing on them; still later before they could philosophise, as well as observe: BACON and BOYLE could only then be imitated in their patient industry. A wit of a very original cast, the facetious Dr. KING, may be considered as the inventor of a new species of satire. Sir HANS SLOANE, then the Secretary, with most of his Correspondents, wrote in the most confused manner imaginable. KING took advantage of their perplexed and often unintelligible descriptions; of the meanness of a style which humbled even the great objects of Nature; of the credulity that heaped up marvels, and the vanity that prided itself on petty

discoveries [s]. SLOANE, a name endeared to posterity, whose life was that of an Enthusiast of Science, and the founder of

[s] SLOANE, describing Clark, the famous posture-master, Phil. Trans. No. 242, certainly with the wildest grammar, but with curious particulars; the gentleman in one of Dr. KING's Dialogues inquires the Secretary's opinion of the causes of this man's wonderful pliability of limbs; a question which SLOANE had thus solved, with colloquial ease, that it depended upon "bringing his body to it, by using himself to it."

In giving an account of "a child born without a brain"—Had it lived long enough, says KING, it would have made an excellent publisher of Philosophical Transactions!

Sloane presented the Royal Society with "a figure of a Chinese, representing one of that nation using an ear-picker, and expressing great satisfaction therein." —"Whatever pleasure," said that learned Physician, "the Chinese may take in thus picking their ears, I am certain, most people in these parts, who have had their hearing impaired, have had such misfor-

a National collection; and his numerous friends, many of whose names have descended with the regard due to the votaries of knowledge, fell the victims. Wit is an unsparing leveller.

The new species of literary burlesque which KING seems to have invented, con-

tunes first come to them by picking their ears too much."—He is so *curious*, says KING, that the Secretary took as much satisfaction in looking upon the ear-picker, as the Chinese could do in picking their ears!

But "What drowning is"—that "Hanging is only apoplexy!" that "Men cannot swallow when they are dead!" that "No fish die of fevers!" that "Hogs s—t soap, and cows s—t fire!" that the Secretary had "Shells, called *Blackmoor's-teeth*, I suppose, from their *whiteness!*" and the learned RAY's, that grave naturalist, incredible description of "a very curious little instrument!" I leave to the Reader and Dr. KING.

sists in selecting the very expressions and absurd passages from the original he ridiculed; and framing out of them a droll dialogue or a grotesque narrative, he adroitly inserted his own remarks, replete with the keenest irony, or the driest sarcasm. Our arch Wag says: "The bulls and blunders which SLOANE and his friends so naturally pour forth cannot be misrepresented, so careful I am in producing them." KING still moves the risible muscles of his readers. "The voyage to Cajamai," a travestie of SLOANE's valuable History of Jamaica, is still a peculiar piece of humour; and it has been rightly distinguished as "one of the severest and merriest satires that ever was written in prose." The author might indeed have blushed at the labour bestowed on these drolleries; and he might have dreaded that, humour so

voluminous, might grow tedious; but KING, often with a LUCIANIC spirit, with flashes of RABELAIS, and not seldom with the causticity of his friend SWIFT, dissipated life in literary idleness, with parodies and travesties on most of his contemporaries; and he made these little things often more exquisite, at the cost of consuming on them a genius capable of better. A Parodist, or a Burlesquer, is a wit who is perpetually on the watch to catch up, or to disguise, an author's words; to swell out his defects, and pick up his blunders — to amuse the public! KING was a wit, who lived on the highway of Literature, appropriating, for his own purpose, the property of the greatest passengers, by a dextrous mode no other had hit on. What an important lesson the labours of KING offer to real genius! Their tem-

porary humour has become like a paralytic limb, which refusing to do its office, only impedes the action of the vital members.

WOTTON, in summing up his "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning," was doubtful whether knowledge would improve in the next age, proportionably as it had done in his own. "The humour of the age is visibly altered," he says, "from what it had been thirty years ago. Though the ROYAL SOCIETY has weathered the rude attacks of STUBBE," yet "the sly insinuations of the *Men of Wit*," with "the *public ridiculing* of all who spend their time and fortunes in scientific or curious researches, have so taken off the edge of those who have opulent fortunes and a love to learning, that these studies begin to be contracted amongst Physicians and Mechanics."—He treats

KING with good humour. "A man is got but a very little way (in philosophy) that is concerned as often as such a merry gentleman as Dr. KING shall think fit to make himself sport [T]."

[T] Dr. KING's dispersed works have fortunately been collected by Mr. NICHOLS, with ample Illustrations, in 3 vols. 8vo, 1776. The "Useful Transactions in Philosophy and other sorts of Learning," form a collection of ludicrous dissertations of Antiquarianism, Natural Philosophy, Criticism, &c. where his own peculiar humour combines with his curious reading. He also invented *satirical and humorous Indexes,* not the least facetious parts of his volumes. KING had made notes on more than 20,000 books and MSS. and his *Adversaria,* of which a portion has been preserved, is not inferior in curiosity to the literary journals of GIBBON, though it wants the investigating spirit of the modern Philosopher.

A third attack on the ROYAL SOCIETY, not ineffectually made by the notorious Sir JOHN HILL, has been noticed in the preceding Volume.

# HOBBES

## AND HIS QUARRELS;

INCLUDING

## AN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS CHARACTER.

# SIR JOHN HILL

WITH

## THE ROYAL SOCIETY, FIELDING, SMART, &c.

*A Parallel between Orator* HENLEY *and Sir* JOHN HILL — *his love of the Science of Botany, with the fate of his "Vegetable System" — ridicules scientific Collectors; his "Dissertation on Royal Societies," and his "Review of the Works of the Royal Society" — Compliments himself that he is* NOT *a Member — Successful in his attacks on the Experimentalists, but loses his spirit in encountering the Wits — "The Inspector" — a paper-war with* FIELDING — *a literary stratagem — Battles with* SMART *and* WOODWARD — HILL *appeals to the Nation for the Office of Keeper of the Sloane Collection — closes his life by turning Empiric. — Some Epigrams on* HILL — *his Miscellaneous Writings.*

IN the history of Genius, we discover some few who have opened their career with noble designs, and with no deficient powers, yet unblest with stoic virtues, by a sudden transition of character, they have sought to acquire those rewards which they had missed in their honourable labours, and have left a name proverbial for its disgrace.

Our own Literature exhibits two extraordinary characters, indelibly marked by the same traditional odium. Yet the wit and acuteness of Orator HENLEY, and the science and vivacity of the versatile Sir JOHN HILL, ought still to separate them from those who plead the same motives for abjuring all moral restraint, without having ever furnished the world with a single instance, that they were capable of forming nobler views.

This *Orator* and this *Knight* would admit of a close parallel *, both as modest in their youth, as afterwards remarkable for their effrontery. Their youth witnessed the same devotedness to study, with the same inventive and enterprising genius. HILL projected and pursued a plan of botanical travels, to form a grand collection of rare plants: his patronage was even splendid, but too limited; and this man of Genius suffered the misfortune of having anticipated the national taste for this Science, half a century too early. Our young Philosopher's valuable "Treatise on Gems," from Theophrastus, procured for him the warm friendships of the eminent Members

* The Moral and Literary Character of HENLEY has been developed in "Calamities of Authors," vol. i.

of the Royal Society. To this critical period of their lives their resemblance is striking; nor is it less from the moment the surprising revolution in their characters occurred.

Pressed by the wants of life, they lost its decencies. HENLEY attempted to poise himself against the University, HILL against the Royal Society: rejected by these learned bodies, both these Cains of Literature, amidst their luxury of ridicule on eminent men, were still evincing some claims to rank among them. The one prostituted his genius in "Lectures," the other in "Inspectors." Never two Authors were more constantly pelted with Epigrams, or buffeted in Literary Quarrels: they have met with the same fate; covered with the same odium. Yet Sir JOHN HILL, this despised man, after all the fertile absurdities of his

literary life, performed more for the improvement of the "Philosophical Transactions," and was the cause of diffusing a more general taste for the Science of Botany, than any other contemporary. His real ability extorts that regard, which the perpetual vanity of misdirected ingenuity, and often worthless motives, have lost for him in the world [A].

[A] The twenty-six folios of his "Vegetable System," with many others, testify his love and his labour. It contains 1,600 plates, representing 26,000 different figures of Plants *from Nature only*. This publication ruined the Author, whose widow (the sister of Lord Ranelagh) published "An Address to the Public, by the Hon. Lady Hill, setting forth the consequences of the late Sir John Hill's acquaintance with the Earl of Bute, 1787."—I should have noticed it in the "Calamities of Authors."—It offers a sad and mortifying lesson to the Votary of Science, who aspires to a noble enterprise. Lady Hill complains of the

At the time HILL was engaged in several large compilations for the Booksellers, his

*Patron;* but a Patron, however great, cannot always raise the public taste to the degree required to afford the only true patronage which can animate and reward an Author. Her detail is impressive.

"Sir JOHN HILL had just wrote a book of great elegance, I think it was called *Exotic Botany*, which he wished to have presented to the King, and therefore named it to Lord Bute. His Lordship waived that, saying, that 'he had a greater object to propose;' and, shortly after, laid before him a plan of the most voluminous, magnificent, and costly Work, that ever man attempted. I tremble when I name its title, because I think the severe application which it required killed him; and I am sure the expence ruined his fortune—'*The Vegetable System.*' This Work was to consist of 26 volumes folio, containing 1,600 copper-plates, the engraving of each cost four guineas; the paper was of the most expensive kind, the drawings by the first hands: the printing was also a very weighty concern; and

employers fancied that the honours of an F. R. S. would ornament his title-page; but this versatile genius, during these graver works, had suddenly emerged from his learned garret, and, in the shape of a fashionable lounger, rolled, in his chariot, from the Bedford to Ranelagh, was visible

many other articles, with which I am unacquainted. Lord Bute said, that 'the expence had been considered, and that Sir John Hill might rest assured his circumstances should not be injured.' Thus he entered upon and finished his destruction. The sale bore no proportion to the expence. — After 'The Vegetable System' was completed, Lord Bute proposed another Volume to be added, which Sir John strenuously opposed; but his Lordship repeating his desire, Sir John complied, lest his Lordship should want a pretence to cast aside repeated promises of ample provision for himself and family. But this was the crisis of his fate — he died." — Lady HILL adds: "He was a character on which every virtue was impressed."

at routs, and sate at the Theatre, a tremendous arbiter of taste, raising about him tumults and divisions [B]. In his

[B] In an Apology for the Character of Sir JOHN HILL, after his death, where he is painted with all the beauty of colouring, and the elegance of form; the eruptions and excrescences of his motley physiognomy, while they are indicated, for they were too visible to be entirely omitted in any thing pretending to a resemblance, are melted down, and even touched into grace. This Literary Miniature Painter forms this apology for these new and strange habits of one then affecting to be a student and a rake:

"Though engaged in works which required the attention of a whole life, he was so exact an economist of his time, that he scarcely ever missed a public amusement for many years; and this, as he somewhere observes, was of no small service to him; as, without indulging in these respects, he could not have undergone the fatigue and study inseparable from the execution of his vast designs."—Short

daily " Inspectors" he retailed all the great matters relating to himself, and all the little matters he collected in his rounds, relating to others. Among other personalities, he had indulged his satirical fluency on the Scientific Collectors: the Antiquarian Society twitched at Medal-scrapers and Antediluvian Knife-grinders; Conchologists were turned into Cockle-shell Merchants; and the Naturalists were made to record pompous histories of Stit-tle-backs and Cockchafers. Advised by Martin Folkes, President of the Royal Society, not to attempt his election, our

Account of the Life, Writings, and Character, of the late Sir John Hill, M. D. Edinburgh, 1779.

The Apology is not unskilful; but the real purpose appears only in the last page; where we are informed, that *Lady Hill,* fortunately for the world, possesses all his valuable receipts and herbal remedies!

enraged Comic Philosopher, who had preferred his jest to his friend, now discovered that he had lost three hundred at once. HILL could not obtain three signatures to his recommendation. Such was the real, but as usual not the ostensible motive, of his formidable attack on the Royal Society. He produced his "Dissertation on Royal Societies, in a letter from a Sclavonian Nobleman to his friend, 1751;" a humorous prose satire, exhibiting a ludicrous contrast of a tumultuous meeting at the Royal Society, with the decorum observed in the French Academy; besides a *Conversazione* in a coffee-house, between some of the Members.

Such was the declaration of war, in a first act of hostility; but the pitched-battle was fought in "A Review of the Works of the Royal Society, in Eight Parts, 1751."

This literary Satire is nothing less than a quarto volume, resembling, in its form and manner, the Philosophical Transactions themselves; and doubtless designed to accommodate the Members in binding their Review, with their Work reviewed. Voluminous pleasantry incurs that censure of tedious trifling, which it designs to inflict. In this literary facetia, however, no inconsiderable knowledge is interspersed with the ridicule. Perhaps HILL might have recollected the successful attempts of STUBBE on the Royal Society, who contributed, as has been shewn in the preceding article, that curious knowledge he pretended the Royal Society wanted, and the humour of KING [c].

[c] HILL planned his REVIEW with good sense. He says: — "If I am merry in some places, it ought to be considered, that the subjects are too ridiculous for

HILL's rejection from the ROYAL SOCIETY, to another man, would have been a puddle to step over; but he tells a story, and cleanly passes on, with impudent adroitness [D].

serious criticism. That the Work, however, might not be without its *real use,* an *Error* is nowhere exposed without establishing a *Truth* in its place." He has incidentally thrown out much curious knowledge; such as his plan for forming a *Hortus Siccus,* &c. The REVIEW itself may still be considered both as curious and entertaining.

[D] In exposing their deficiencies, as well as their redundancies, HILL only wishes, as he tells us, that the Society may by this means become ashamed of what it has been, and that the world may know that *he is* NOT *a Member of it, till it is an honour to a man to be so!*—This was telling the world, with some ingenuity, and with no little impudence, that the ROYAL SOCIETY would not admit him as a member. He pretends to give a secret anecdote, to

HILL, however, though he used all the freedom of a satirist, by exposing many

explain the cause of this rejection. HILL, in every critical conjuncture of his affairs, and they were frequent ones, had always a story to tell, or an evasion, which served its momentary purpose, to arrest and divide the public opinion, when set against him. When caned by an Irish Gentleman at Ranelagh, and his personal courage, rather than his stoicism, was suspected, he published a story of *his* having once caned a person whom he called Mario, on which a Wag, considering HILL as a Prometheus, wrote,

"To beat one man, great HILL was fated.
What man? — a man whom he created!"

We shall see the story he turned to his purpose, when pressed hard by FIELDING. In the present instance, in a letter to a foreign Correspondent, who had observed his name in the list of the *Correspondents* of the Royal Society, HILL said: — "You are to know, that *I have the honour* NOT *to be a Member of the Royal Society of London.*" — This

ridiculous papers, taught the ROYAL SOCIETY a more cautious selection. It could

letter lay open on his table when a Member, upon his accustomed visit, came in, and in his absence read it. "And we are not to wonder (says HILL), that he who could obtain intelligence in this manner, could also divulge it. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* Hence all the animosities that have since disturbed this Philosophic World." While HILL insolently congratulates himself that he is *not* a Member of the Royal Society, he has most evidently shewn that he had no objection to be the Member of any society, which would enroll his name among them. He obtained his Medical Degree from no honourable source; and another title, which he affected, he mysteriously contracted into barbaric dissonance. HILL entitled himself

*Acad. Reg. Scient. Burd. &c. Soc.*

To which SMART, in the Hilliad, alludes —

"While *Jargon* gave his titles on a *block*,
And styl'd him M. D. Acad. Budig. Soc."

however obtain no forgiveness from the parties it offended; and while the respect-

His personal attacks on MARTIN FOLKES, the President, are caustic, but they may not be true; and on BAKER, celebrated for his microscopical discovcries, are keen. He reproaches FOLKES, in his severe Dedication of the Work, in all the dignity of solemn invective.—"The manner in which you represented me to a Noble Friend, while to myself you made me much more than I deserved; the ease with which you had excused yourself, and the solemnity with which, in the face of Almighty God, you excused yourself again; when we remember that the whole was done within the compass of a day; these are surely virtues in a Patron, that I, of all men, ought not to pass over in silence."—BAKER, in his early days, had unluckily published a volume of lusory poems. Some imitations of Prior's loose tales HILL makes use of to illustrate *his* "Philosophical Transactions." All is food for the malicious digestion of Wit!

His Anecdote of Mr. BAKER's *Louse*, is a piece of secret scientific history sufficiently ludicrous.

able men, whom HILL had the audacity to attack, MARTIN FOLKES, the friend and successor of Newton, and HENRY BAKER,

"The Duke of Montague was famous for his love to the whole animal creation, and for his being able to keep a very grave face when not in the most serious earnest. Mr. BAKER, a distinguished Member of the Royal Society, had one day entertained this Nobleman, and several other persons, with the sight of the peristaltick motion of the bowels in a louse, by the microscope. When the observation was over, he was going to throw the creature away; but the Duke, with a face that made him believe he was perfectly in earnest, told him it would be not only cruel, but ungrateful, in return for the entertainment that creature had given them, to destroy it. He ordered the boy to be brought in, from whom it was procured, and after praising the smallness and delicacy of Mr. BAKER's fingers, persuaded him carefully to replace the animal in its former territories, and to give the boy a shilling not to disturb it for a fortnight."—*A Review of the Works of the Royal Society, by John Hill, M. D. p.* 5.

the Naturalist, were above his censure, his own reputation, however, remained in the hands of his enemies. While HILL was gaining over the laughers on his side, that volatile populace soon discovered, that the fittest object to be laughed at, was our literary Proteus himself.

His vein of pleasantry ran more freely in his attacks on the ROYAL SOCIETY, than in all his other literary quarrels. When HILL had, not to banter ridiculous experimentalists, but to encounter wits, his reluctant spirit soon bowed its head. Suddenly even his pertness loses its vivacity: he becomes drowsy with dullness; and, conscious of the dubiousness of his own cause, he sculks away terrified: he felt that the mask of Quackery and Impudence, which he usually wore, was to be pulled off by the hands now extended against him.

The most egregious egotism alone could have induced this versatile being, engaged in laborious works, to have ventured to give the town the daily paper of "The Inspector," which he supported for about two years. It was a light scandalous chronicle all the week, with a seventh-day Sermon. His utter contempt for the genius of his contemporaries, and the bold conceit of his own, often rendered the motley pages very amusing. "The Inspector" became, indeed, the instrument of his own martyrdom; but his impudence looked like magnanimity; for he endured, with undiminished spirit, the most biting satires, the most wounding epigrams, and the more palpable castigations [E].

[E] These Papers had appeared in the London Daily Advertiser, 1754. At their close he gleaned the best, and has preserved them in two volumes.

A humorous warfare of Wit opened between FIELDING, in his "Covent-garden Journal," and HILL, in his "Inspector." The Inspector had made the famous lion's head, at the Bedford, which the genius of Addison and Steele had once animated, the receptacle of his wit; and the Wits asserted, of this now *inutile lignum*, that it

But as HILL will never rank as a classic, the original nonsense will be considered as most proper for the purposes of a true Collector. WOODWARD, the Comedian, in his lively attack on HILL, has given "a mock Inspector," an exquisite piece of literary ridicule, in which he has hit off the egotisms, and slovenly ease, of the real ones.—Never flamed, like "The Inspector," such a provoking prodigy, in the cloudy skies of Grub-street; and HILL seems studiously to have mortified his luckless rivals, by a perpetual embroidery of his adventures in "the Walks at Marybone," the "Rotunda at Ranelagh," spangled over with "my domesties, and "my equipage."

was reduced to a mere state of *blockhead-ism.* FIELDING occasionally gave a facetious narrative of a paper-war between the forces of Sir Alexander Drawcansir, and the army of Grub-street: it formed an occasional literary satire. His first attack was a description of *blockheading*-up the Bedford; a hasty pun, miserable enough to afford HILL a short triumph — but HILL's Lion is not described without humour. Drawcansir's "troops are kept in awe by a strange mixed monster, not much unlike the famous chimæra of old. For while some of our Reconnoiterers tell us that this monster has the appearance of a lion, others assure us, that his ears are much longer than those of that generous beast."

HILL ventured to notice this attack on his head; and, as was usual with him, had

some secret history to season his defence with.

"The Author of Amelia, whom I have only once seen, told me, at that accidental meeting, he held the present set of Writers in the utmost contempt; and that, in his character of Sir Alexander Drawcansir, he should treat them in the most unmerciful manner. He assured me, he had always excepted me; and after honouring me with some encomiums, he proceeded to mention a conduct which would be, he said, useful to both; this was, the amusing our Readers with a mock fight; giving blows that would not hurt, and sharing the advantage in silence. [F]"

[F] It is useful to remind the Public, that they are often played upon in this manner by the artifices of *political writers*. We have observed symptoms of this deception practised at present. It is an old trick of the Craft's, and was greatly used at a time when the nation seemed maddened with political factions. In

In this manner HILL turned those frequent different stories relating to himself; an art in which he was always prompt at contriving. The truth was, more probably, such as FIELDING relates, and becomes quite a different affair. At all events, HILL incurred the censure of the traitor, who violates a confidential intercourse.

"And if he lies not, must at least betray."

POPE.

FIELDING lost no time in reply. To have brought down the Inspector from his

a pamphlet of "A View of London and Westminster, or the Town-spy, 1725," I find this account:—"The *seeming quarrel*, formerly, between *Mist's Journal* and the *Flying Post*, was *secretly concerted* between themselves, in order to decoy the eyes of all the parties on both their papers; and the project succeeded beyond all expectation; for, I have been told, that the former narrowly missed getting an estate by it."—P. 32.

fastnesses into the open field, was what our new General only wanted: a battle was sure to be a victory. Our Critical Drawcansir has performed his part, with his indifferent puns, but his natural facetiousness.

"It being reported to the General, that a *Hill* must be levelled, before the Bedford Coffee-house could be taken, orders were given; but this was afterwards found to be a mistake; for this *Hill* was only a little paltry *Dunghill*, and had long before been levelled with the dirt.—The General was then informed of a report which had been spread by his *Lowness*, the Prince of Billingsgate, in the Grub-street army, that his Excellency had proposed, by a *secret treaty* with that Prince, to carry on the war only in appearance, and so to betray the common cause; upon which his Excellency said with a smile:—'If the

betrayer of a private treaty could ever deserve the least credit, yet his Lowness here must proclaim himself either a liar or a fool. None can doubt but that he is the former, if he hath feigned this treaty; and I think few would scruple to call him the latter, if he had rejected it.' The General then declared the fact stood thus: — 'His Lowness came to my tent on an affair of his own. I treated him, though a Commander in the Enemy's camp, with civility, and even kindness. I told him, with the utmost good humour, I should attack his Lion; and that he might, if he pleased, in the same manner defend him; from which, said I, no great loss can happen on either side ——'."

"The Inspector" slunk away, and never returned to the Challenge.

During his Inspectorship, he invented a whimsical literary stratagem, which ended in his receiving a castigation more

lasting than the honours performed on him at Ranelagh, by the cane of a warm Hibernian. HILL seems to have been desirous of abusing certain friends whom he had praised in the "Inspectors;" so volatile, like the loves of coquettes, are the literary friendships of the "Scribleri." As this could not be done with any propriety there, he published the first number of a new Paper, entitled "The Impertinent." Having thus relieved his private feelings, he announced the cessation of this new enterprize in his "Inspectors," and congratulated the Public on the ill reception it gave the "Impertinent," applauding them for their having shewn by this, that "their indignation was superior to their curiosity." With impudence all his own, he adds: "It will not be easy to say too much in favour of the candour of the Town,

which has despised a piece that cruelly and unjustly attacked Mr. SMART the poet." What innocent soul could have imagined that "The Impertinent" and "The Inspector" were the same individual? The style is a specimen of *persiflage;* the thin sparkling thought; the pert vivacity, that looks like wit without wit; the glittering bubble, that rises in emptiness — even its Author tells us, in "The Inspector," it is "the most pert, the most pretending, &c. [G]."

[G] Isaac Reed, in his "Repository of Fugitive Pieces of Wit and Humour," Vol. iv. in republishing "The Hilliad," has judiciously preserved the offending "Impertinent" and the abjuring "Inspector." The style of "The Impertinent" is volatile and poignant. His four classes of authors are not without humour. — "There are men who write because they have Wit; there are those who write because they are hungry; there are some of the modern Authors

SMART, in return for our Janus-faced Critic's treatment, balanced the amount

who have a constant fund of both these causes; and there are, who will write, although they are not instigated either by the one, or by the other. The first are all spirit; the second are all earth; the third disclose more life, or more vapidity, as the one or the other cause prevails; and for the last, having neither the one nor the other principle for the cause, they shew neither the one nor the other character in the effect; but begin, continue, and end, as if they had neither begun, continued, nor ended at all." The first class, he instances by FIELDING; the second, by SMART. Of the third, he says: —"The mingled wreath belongs to HILL," that is himself; and the fourth, he illustrates by the absurd Sir WILLIAM BROWNE.

"Those of the first rank are the most capricious and lazy of all animals. The monkey genius would rarely exert itself, if even idleness innate did not give way to the superior love of mischief. The Ass, (that is, SMART) which characters the second, is

of debtor and creditor with a pungent Dunciad of "The Hilliad." HILL, who had heard of the rod in pickle, anticipated the blow, to break its strength; and, according to his adopted system, introduced himself and SMART, with a story of his having recommended the Bard to his bookseller, "who took him into salary on my approbation. I betrayed him into the profession, and having starved upon it, he has a right to abuse me."—This story was formally denied by an Advertisement from Newbery, the bookseller.

as laborious as he is empty; he wears a ridiculous comicalness of aspect (which was, indeed, the physiognomy of the poor Poet), that makes people smile when they see him at a distance. His mouth opens, because he must be fed, while we laugh at the insensibility and obstinacy that make him prick his lips with thistles."

"The HILLIAD" is a polished and pointed satire. The Hero is thus exhibibited on Earth, and in Heaven.

On Earth, "a tawny Sibyl," with "an old striped curtain —"

"And tatter'd tapestry o'er her shoulders hung —
Her loins with patch-work cincture were begirt,
That more than spoke diversity of dirt.
Twain were her teeth, and single was her eye —
Cold palsy shook her head ——".

With "moon-struck madness," awards him all the wealth and fame she could afford him for sixpence, and closes her orgasm with the sage admonition —

"The chequer'd world's before thee; go, farewell!
Beware of Irishmen! and learn to spell!"

But in Heaven, among the Immortals, never was any unfortunate Hero of the vindictive Muses so reduced into nothingness! Jove, disturbed at the noise of this thing of Wit, exclaims, That Nature had never proved productive in vain before; but, now,

" On mere privation she bestow'd a frame,
And dignified a nothing with a name;
A wretch devoid of use, of sense, and grace,
The insolvent tenant of incumber'd space!"

Pallas hits off the style of HILL, as

" The neutral nonsense, neither false nor true —
Should Jove himself, in calculation mad,
Still negatives to blank negations add;
How could the barren cyphers ever breed;
But nothing still from nothing would proceed.

Raise, or depress, or magnify, or blame,
Inanity will ever be the same."

But Phœbus shews there may still be something produced from inanity.

" E'en blank privation, has its use and end—
From emptiness, how sweetest music flows!
How absence, to possession adds a grace,
And modest vacancy, to all gives place.
So from Hillario, some effect may spring;
E'en him — that slight penumbra of a thing!"

The careless style of the fluent "Inspectors," beside their audacity, brought HILL into many scrapes. He called WOODWARD the celebrated Harlequin, "the meanest of all characters." This WOODWARD resented in a pamphlet-battle, in which HILL was beaten at all points[H]. But HILL, or

[H] WOODWARD humorously attributes HILL's attack on him to his *jealousy* of his successful per-

the Monthly Reviewer, who might be the same person, for that Journal writes with the tenderness of a brother, in whatever relates to our Hero, pretends that the Inspector only meant, that "the character of Harlequin (if a thing so unnatural and ridiculous ought to be called a character) was the *meanest* on the stage!"

formance of *Harlequin*, and opens some of the secret history of HILL, by which it appears, that early in life he trod the theatrical boards. He tells us of the extraordinary pains the prompter had taken with HILL, in the part of Oroonoko; though, "if he had not quite forgotten it, to very little purpose." He reminds HILL of a dramatic Anecdote, which he no doubt had forgotten. It seems he once belonged to a strolling company at May-fair, where, in the scene between Altamont and Lothario, the polite audience of that place all chorused, and agreed with him, when dying he exclaimed, "Oh Altamont, thy genius is the stronger." He then shews him off as the starved apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, in one of his

I will here notice a characteristic incident in HILL's literary life, of which the boldness and the egotism is scarcely paralleled, even by Orator HENLEY. At the time the Sloane Collection of Natural History was purchased, to form a part of our grand national establishment, the British Museum, HILL offered himself, by public advertisement, in one of his Inspectors, as the properest person to be placed at its head. The world will condemn him for his impudence. The most reasonable objection against his mode of

botanic peregrinations to Chelsea Garden; from whence, it is said, he was expelled for "culling too many rare plants"—

"I do remember an Apothecary,
Culling of simples ——."

HILL, who was often so brisk in his attack on the Wits, had no power of retort; so that he was always buffeting and always buffeted.

proceeding would be, that the thing undid itself; and that the very appearance, by public advertisement, was one motive why so confident an offer should be rejected. Perhaps, after all, HILL only wanted to *advertise himself.*

But suppose that HILL was the man he represents himself to be, and he fairly challenges the test, his conduct only appears eccentric, according to routine.—Unpatronised and unfriended men are depressed, among other calamities, with their quiescent modesty; but there is a rare spirit in him who dares to claim favours, which he thinks his right, in the most public manner. I shall preserve, in the Note, the most striking passages of this extraordinary appeal [1].

[1] HILL addresses the Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Speaker, on Sir Hans

At length, after all these literary quarrels, HILL survived his literary character.

Sloane's Collection of Natural History, proposing himself as a Candidate for nomination in the principal office, by whatever name that shall be called. "I deliver myself with humility; but conscious also that I possess the liberties of a British subject, I shall speak with freedom."—He says, that the only means left for a Briton, is to address his Sovereign and the Public.—"That Foreigners will resort to this Collection is certain, for it is the most considerable in the world; and that our own people will often visit it is as sure, because it may be made the means of much useful, as well as curious knowledge. One and the other will expect a person in that office who has sufficient knowledge: he must be able to give account of every article, freely and fluently, not only in his own, but in the Latin and French languages.

"This, the World, and none in it better than your Lordship, sees, is not a place that any one can execute: it requires knowledge in a peculiar and uncommon kind of study—knowledge, which very

He had written himself down to so low a degree, that whenever he had a work for

few possess; and in which, my Lord, the bitterest of my enemies (and I have thousands, although neither myself nor they know why), will not say I am deficient ——.

" My Lord, the eyes of all Europe are upon this transaction. What title I have to your Lordship's favour, those books which I have published, and with which (pardon the necessary boast) all Europe is acquainted, declare. Many may dispute by interest with me; but if there be one who would prefer himself, by his abilities, I beg the matter may be brought to trial. The Collection is at hand; and I request, my Lord, such person and myself may be examined by that test, together. It is an amazing store of knowledge; and he has most, in this way, who shall shew himself most acquainted with it.

" What are my own abilities, it very ill becomes me thus to boast; but did they not qualify me for the trust, my Lord, I would not ask it. As to those of any other, unless a man be conjured from the dead, I shall not fear to say, there is not any one whoever,

publication, his employers stipulated, in their contracts, that the Author should

that is able so much as to call the parts of the Collection by their names.

"I know I shall be accused of ostentation, in giving to myself this preference; and I am sorry for it: but those who have candour, will know it could not be avoided.

"Many excel, my Lord, in other studies: it is my chance to have bestowed the labour of my life on this: those labours may be of some use to others. This appears the only instance in which it is possible that they should be rewarded ——."

In a subsequent Inspector, he gave the world one, on the improvement of Botany by raising plants, and reading lectures on them at the British Museum, with the living plants before the Lecturer and his Auditors. — Poor Sir John! he was born half a century too early! — He would, in this day, have made his Lectures fashionable; and might have secured at the Opera, every night, an elegant audience for the next morning, in the gardens of the Museum.

conceal his name; a circumstance not quite new among a certain race of Authors [K]. But the genius of HILL was

[K] It would be difficult to form a list of his anonymous works or compilations, among which many are curious. Tradition has preserved his name as the writer of Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, and of several Novels. There is a very curious Work, entitled "Travels in the East," 2 vols. 8vo, of which the author has been frequently and in vain enquired after. These travels are attributed to a Noble Lord; but it now appears that they are a very entertaining narrative, manufactured by HILL. Whiston, the bookseller, had placed this Work in his MS Catalogue of HILL's books.

There is still another production of considerable merit, entitled "Observations on the Greek and Roman Classics, 1753." A learned friend recollects, when young, that this critical Work was said to be written by HILL. It excels Blackwell and Fenton; and aspires to the numerous composition of prose. The sentimental Critic enters into the

not annihilated, by being thrown down so violently on his mother earth. Like

feelings of the great Authors whom he describes, with spirit, delicacy of taste, and sometimes with beautiful illustration. It only wants a chastening hand, to become a manual for the young classical Student, that he may acquire those vivid emotions, which many College Tutors may not be capable to communicate.

I suspect, too, he is the author of this Work, from a passage which SMART quotes, as a specimen of HILL's puffing himself, and of those smart short periods which look like wit, without being witty. —In a letter to himself, as we are told, HILL writes: — "You have discovered many of the beauties of the Ancients — they are obliged to you; we are obliged to you: were they alive, they would thank you; we, who are alive, do thank you."— If HILL could discriminate the most hidden beauties of the Ancients, the *tact* must have been formed at his leisure — in his busy hours he never copied them; but when had he leisure?

*. Repository of Fugitive Pieces. Vol. 4. p. 35

Anthæus, it rose still fresh; and like Proteus, it assumed new forms. Lady Hill,

I shall notice two other Works, of the most contrasted character, to display the versatility and dispositions of this singular Genius, at different æras. When "The Inspector" was rolling in his chariot about the town, appeared "Letters from the Inspector to a Lady, 1752." It is a pamphlet, containing the amorous correspondence of HILL with a reigning Beauty, whom he first saw at Ranelagh. On his first ardent professions, he is contemptuously rejected; he perseveres in high passion, and is coldly encouraged; at length he triumphs; and this proud and sullen Beauty, in her turn, presents a horrid picture of the passions. HILL then becomes the reverse of what he was; weary of her jealousy, sated with the intercourse, he studiously avoids, and at length rejects her, assigning, for his final argument, his approaching marriage. The work may produce a moral effect, while it exhibits a striking picture of all the misery of illicit connections: but these scenes are coloured with Ovidian warmth. The original letters were

and the young Hills, were claimants on his industry, far louder than the evanes-

shewn at the Bookseller's: HILL's were in his own hand-writing, and the Lady's in a female hand. But whether Hill was the publisher, as an attempt at notoriety; or the Lady admired her own correspondence, which is often exquisitely wrought, was not known.

HILL, in his serious hours, published a large quarto volume, entitled "Thoughts concerning God and Nature, 1755." This Work, the result of his scientific knowledge and his moral reasoning, was never undertaken for the purpose of profit. He printed it with the certainty of a considerable loss, from its abstract topics, not obvious to general readers; at a time, too, when a guinea quarto was a very hazardous enterprise. He published it purely from conscientious and religious motives, a circumstance mentioned in that Apology of his Life, which we have noticed. The more closely the character of HILL is scrutinised, the more extraordinary appears this man, so often justly contemned, and unjustly depreciated.

cent Epigrams which darted around him: these latter, however, were more numerous than ever dogged an author in his road to literary celebrity [L]. His sci-

[L] It would occupy pages to transcribe Epigrams on HILL. One of them alludes to his philosophical, as well as his literary character.

"HILL puffs himself; forbear to chide!
An insect vile and mean
Must first, he knows, be magnified
Before it can be seen.

Garrick's happy lines are well known, on his Farces.

"For physic and farces his equal there scarce is—
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.

Another said—

"The worst that we wish thee, for all thy vile crimes,
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhimes."

The rejoinder would reverse the wish —

"For, if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhimes.

ence, his ingenuity, and his impudence, revived the credulity of the Public, with the innocent quackery of attributing all medicinal virtues to British herbs. He made many walk out, who were too sedentary: they were delighted to cure headaches by fever-few tea; hectic fevers by the daisy; colics, by the leaves of camomile, and agues by its flowers. All these were accompanied by plates of the plants, with the Linnæan names [M]. This was preparatory to the *Essences* of Sage, *Balsams* of Honey, and *Tinctures* of Valerian.

[M] HILL says, in his pamphlet on the "Virtues of British Herbs:"—"It will be happy, if, by the same means, the knowledge of plants also becomes more general. The study of them is pleasant, and the exercise of it healthful. He who seeks the herb for its cure, will find it half effected by the walk; and when he is acquainted with the useful kinds, he may be more people's, beside his own, physician."

Simple persons imagined they were scientific botanists in their walks, with HILL's plates in their hands. But one of the newly-discovered virtues of British herbs was, undoubtedly, that of placing the discoverer in a chariot.

# BOYLE AND BENTLEY.

# BOYLE AND BENTLEY.

*A faction of Wits at Oxford, the concealed movers of this Controversy — Sir* WILLIAM TEMPLE'S *opinions the ostensible cause; Editions of classical Authors, by young Students at Oxford, the probable one —* BOYLE'S *first attack in the Preface to his Phalaris —* BENTLEY, *after a silence of three years, betrays his feelings on the literary calumny of* BOYLE — BOYLE *replies by the "Examination of Bentley's Dissertation" —* BENTLEY *rejoined by enlarging it — The effects of a contradictory Narrative at a distant time —* BENTLEY'S *suspicions of the origin of the Phalaris, and "The Examination," proved by subsequent facts —* BENTLEY'S *dignity when stung at the ridicule of Dr.* KING — *applies a classical pun, and nicknames his facetious and caustic Adversary —* KING *invents an extraordinary Index, to dissect the character of* BENTLEY — *Specimens of the Controversy;* BOYLE'S *menace, anathema, and ludicrous humour —* BENTLEY'S *sarcastic reply not inferior to that of the Wits.*

THE splendid controversy between BOYLE and BENTLEY was sometimes a strife of gladiators, and has been regretted as the opprobrium of our Literature; but it may also be considered, on one side at least, as a noble contest of heroism, and may be perpetuated to its honour.

The ostensible cause of the present Quarrel was inconsiderable; the concealed motive lies deeper; and the party-feelings of the haughty Aristarchus of Cambridge, and a faction of Wits at Oxford, under the secret influence of Dean ALDRICH, provoked this fierce and glorious contest.

Wit, Ridicule, and Invective, by cabal and stratagem, obtained an apparent triumph over a single individual, who, like the Farnesian Hercules, seemed to personify the force and resistance of incomparable strength. "The Bees of Christ-

church," as this conspiracy of Wits has been called, so musical and so angry, rushed in a dark swarm about him, but only left their fine stings in the flesh they could not wound. He only put out his hand in contempt, never in rage. The Christ-Church men, as if doubtful whether Wit could prevail against Learning, had recourse to the maliciousness of personal satire. They amused an idle public, who could even relish sense and Greek, seasoned as they were with Wit and Satire; while BOYLE was shewing how BENTLEY wanted Wit, and BENTLEY was proving how BOYLE wanted Learning.

To detect the origin of the Controversy, we must find the seed-plot of BENTLEY's Volume in Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's "Essay upon Ancient and Modern Learning," which he inscribed to his Alma Mater, the

University of Cambridge. Sir William, who had caught the contagion of the prevalent literary Controversy of the times, in which the finest geniuses in Europe had entered the lists, imagined that the Ancients possessed a greater force of genius, with some peculiar advantages; that the human mind was in a state of decay; and that our knowledge was nothing more than scattered fragments saved out of the general shipwreck. He writes with a premeditated design to dispute the improvements, or undervalue the inventions of his own age. WOTTON, the friend of BENTLEY, replied by his curious volume of "Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning." But Sir William, in his ardour, had thrown out an unguarded opinion, which excited the hostile contempt of BENTLEY. "The oldest books (he says) we have, are

still in their kind the best: the two most ancient that I know of, in prose, are Æsop's Fables and Phalaris's Epistles."—The Epistles, he insists, exhibit every excellence of "a Statesman, a Soldier, a Wit, and a Scholar."—That ancient Author, whom BENTLEY afterwards asserted, was only "some dreaming pedant, with his elbow on his desk."

BENTLEY, bristled over with Greek, perhaps then considered, that to notice a vernacular and volatile writer, ill assorted with the Critic's *Fastus.* But, about this time, Dean ALDRICH had set an example to the Students of Christ-Church, of publishing editions of Classical Authors. Such juvenile Editorships served as an easy admission into the fashionable Literature of Oxford. ALSOP had published the Æsop; and BOYLE, among other "young

gentlemen," easily obtained the favour of the Dean, " to *desire* him to undertake an Edition of the Epistles of Phalaris." Such are the modest terms BOYLE employs in his reply to BENTLEY, after he had discovered the unlucky choice of his Author.

A MS. in the King's Library, during the preparing of Phalaris, was to be collated; and BENTLEY, about this time, became the Royal Librarian. BOYLE did not apply directly to BENTLEY, but circuitously, by his bookseller, with whom the Doctor was not on terms. Some act of civility, or a Mercury more " formose," to use one of his latinisms, was probably expected. The MS. was granted, but the Collator was negligent. BENTLEY reclaimed it in six days, though " four hours" had been sufficient for the purpose.

When BOYLE's Phalaris appeared, he made this charge in the Preface; that having ordered the Epistles to be collated with the MS. in the King's Library, the Collator was prevented perfecting the Collation by the *singular humanity* of the Library-keeper, who refused any further use of the MS.; *pro singulari suâ humanitate negavit:* an expression that sharply bit a man marked by the haughtiness of his manners, on the subject of Greek Authors [A].

[A] Haughtiness was the marking feature of BENTLEY's literary character; and his Wolseyan style and air have been played on by the Wits.—BENTLEY happened to express himself on the King's MS. of Phalaris in a manner their witty malice turned against him. "'Twas a surprise (he said) to find that OUR MS. was not perused."—"OUR MS. (they proceed) that is, his Majesty's and mine! He speaks out now; 'tis no longer the King's, but OUR

BENTLEY, on this insult, informed BOYLE of what had passed. He expected that BOYLE would have civilly cancelled the page; but he tells us he did not require this, because, "to have insisted on the cancel, might have been forcing a gentleman to too low a submission;"— a stroke of delicacy which will surprise some to discover, in the strong character of BENTLEY. But he was also too haughty to ask a favour, and too conscious of his superiority, to betray a feeling of injury. BOYLE replied, that the Bookseller's account was quite different from the Doctor's, who had spoken slightingly of him. BENTLEY said no more.

MS. *i. e.* Dr. BENTLEY's and the King's in common, *Ego et Rex meus* — much too familiar for a Library-keeper!" — It has been said that BENTLEY used the same Wolseyan egotism, on POPE's publications: —"This man is always abusing *me* or the *King!*"

Three years had nearly elapsed, when BENTLEY, in a new edition of his friend WOTTON's book, published "A Dissertation on the Epistles of the Ancients;" where, reprehending the false criticism of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, he asserted that the Fables of Æsop and the Epistles of Phalaris were alike spurious. The blow was levelled at Christ-Church; and all "the Bees" were brushed down in the warmth of their summer-day.

It is remarkable that BENTLEY kept a silence of more than two years; indeed, he had considered the affair so trivial, that he had preserved no part of the Correspondence with BOYLE, whom no doubt he slighted as the young Editor of a spurious author. But BOYLE's Edition came forth, as BENTLEY expresses it, "with a sting in its mouth." This, at first, was like a cut

finger—he breathed on it, and would have forgotten it; but the nerve was touched, and the pain raged long after the stroke. Even the great mind of BENTLEY began to shrink at the touch of literary calumny, so different from the vulgar kind, in its extent and its duration. He betrays the soreness he would wish to conceal, when he complains that "the false story has been spread all over England."

The statement of BENTLEY produced, in reply, the famous book of BOYLE's Examination of BENTLEY's Dissertation. It opens with an imposing narrative, highly polished, of the whole transaction, with the extraordinary furniture of documents, which had never before entered into a literary controversy — depositions — certificates — affidavits — and private letters. BENTLEY now rejoined by his enlarged

Dissertation on Phalaris, a volume of perpetual value to the lovers of Ancient Literature, and to which a memorable preface, itself a volume, exhibits another Narrative, entirely differing from BOYLE's. These produced new replies, and new rejoinders. The whole Controversy became so perplexed, that it has frightened away all who have attempted to adjust the particulars. With unanimous consent, they give up the cause, as one in which both parties studied only to contradict each other. Such was the fate of a Narrative, which was made out of the recollections of the parties, with all their passions at work, after an interval of three years. In each, the memory seemed only retentive of those passages which best suited their own purpose, and which were precisely those the other party was most likely to have forgotten. What

was forgotten, was denied; what was admitted, was made to refer to something else; dialogues were given, which appear never to have been spoken, and incidents described, which are declared never to have taken place; and all this, perhaps, without any purposed violation of truth. Such were the dangers and misunderstandings which attended a Narrative framed out of the broken, or passionate recollections of the parties on the watch to confound one another [B].

[B] BENTLEY, in one place, having to give a positive contradiction to the statement of the Bookseller, rising in all his dignity and energy, exclaims: "What can be done in this case? Here are two contrary affirmations; and the matter being done in private, neither of us have any witness. I might plead, as Æmilius Scaurus did against one Varius, of Sucro. *Varius Sucronensis ait, Æmilius Scaurus negat. Utri creditis, Quirites?*" p. 21.—The story is

BENTLEY's Narrative is a most vigorous production: it heaves with the workings

told by Valerius Maximus, lib. iii. c. 7. Scaurus was insolently accused by one Varius, a Sucronian, that he had taken bribes from Mithridates: Scaurus addressed the Roman people. "He did not think it just that a man of his age should defend himself against accusations, and before those who were not born when he filled the offices of the Republic, nor witnessed the actions he had performed. Varius, the Sucronian, says that Scaurus, corrupted by gold, would have betrayed the Republic; Scaurus replies, It is not true. Whom will you believe, fellow Romans?" —This appeal to the people produced all the effect imaginable, and the ridiculous accuser was silenced.

BENTLEY points the same application, with even more self-consciousness of his worth, in another part of his Preface. It became necessary to praise himself, to remove the odium BOYLE and his friends had raised on him — it was a difficulty overcome. "I will once more borrow the form of argument that

of a master-spirit; still reasoning with such force, and still applying with such happiness the stores of his copious literature, that, had it not been for this Literary Quarrel, the mere English reader had lost this single opportunity of surveying that commanding intellect.

Boyle's Edition of Phalaris was a work of parade, designed to confer on a young man, who bore an eminent name, some distinction in the Literary world. But Bentley seems to have been well informed of the secret transactions at Christ-Church.

Æmilius Scaurus used against Varius Sucronensis. Mr. Spanheim and Mr. Grævius give a high character of Dr. B.'s learning: Mr. Boyle gives the meanest that malice can furnish himself with. *Utri creditis, Quirites?* — Whether of the characters will the present age or posterity believe?" p. 82. It was only a truly great mind which could bring itself so close to posterity.

In his first attack he mentions BOYLE as "the young gentleman of great hopes, whose name is set to the Edition;" and asserts that the Editor, no more than his own Phalaris, has written what was ascribed to him. He persists in making a plurality of a pretended unity, by multiplying BOYLE into a variety of little personages, of "new editors," our "annotators," our "great geniuses." [c] BOYLE, touched

[c] It was the fashion then to appear very unconcerned about one's literary reputation; but then to be so tenacious about it, when once obtained, as not to suffer, with common patience, even the little finger of Criticism to touch it. BOYLE, after defending what he calls his "honesty," adds: "the rest *only* touches my learning. This will give me *no concern*, though it may put me to some little trouble. I shall enter upon this with *the indifference of a gamester who plays but for a trifle.*" On this affected indifference, BENTLEY keenly observes: — This was

at these reflections, declared "they were levelled at a learned Society, in which I had the happiness to be educated; as if Phalaris had been made up by contributions from several hands." Pressed by BENTLEY to acknowledge the assistance of Dr. John Freind, BOYLE confers on him the ambiguous title of "The Director of Studies." BENTLEY links the Bees together — Dr. Freind and Dr. Alsop. "The

entering on his work a little ominously; for a gamester who plays with indifference never plays his game well. Besides that, by this odd comparison, he seems to give warning, and is as good as his word, that he will put the dice upon his Readers as often as he can. But what is worse than all, this comparison puts one in mind of a general rumour, that there's another set of Gamesters, who *play him* in his dispute, while themselves are safe behind the curtain."

BENTLEY's Dissertation on Phalaris, p. 2.

Director of Studies, who has lately set out Ovid's Metamorphoses, with a Paraphrase and Notes, is of the same size for learning with the late Editor of the Æsopian Fables. They bring the Nation into contempt abroad, and themselves into it at home;" and adds to this magisterial style, the mortification of his criticism on Freind's Ovid, as on Alsop's Æsop.

But BOYLE assuming the honours of an Edition of Phalaris, was but a venial offence, compared with that committed by the celebrated Volume, published in its defence.

If BENTLEY's suspicions were not far from the truth, that "the Phalaris had been *made up by contributions*," they approached still closer, when they attacked "The Examination of his Dissertation." Such

was the assistance which BOYLE received from all "the Bees," that scarcely a few ears of that rich sheaf fall to his portion. His efforts hardly reach to the mere narrative of his transactions with BENTLEY. All the varied erudition, all the Attic graces, all the inexhaustible wit, are claimed by others; so that BOYLE was not materially concerned either in his Phalaris, or in the more memorable Work [D].

[D] Rumours and Conjectures are the lot of Contemporaries; Truth seems reserved only for Posterity; and, like the fabled Minerva, she is born of age at once. The secret history of this Volume, which partially appeared, has been more particularly opened in one of WARBURTON's Letters, who received it from POPE, who had been "let into the secret."—BOYLE wrote the Narrative, "which too was corrected for him." FREIND, who wrote the entire Dissertation on Æsop in that volume, wrote also, with ATTERBURY, the body of the Criticisms; KING,

The Christ-Church Party now formed a literary conspiracy against the great Critic;

the droll argument, proving that BENTLEY was not the author of his own Dissertation, and the extraordinary Index which I shall shortly notice. In ATTERBURY's Epistolary Correspondence is a Letter, where, with equal anger and dignity, ATTERBURY avows his having written *about half, and planned the whole,* of BOYLE's attack upon BENTLEY!—With these facts before us, can we read without surprise, if not with indignation, the passage, I shall now quote, from the book to which the name of BOYLE is prefixed. In raising an artful charge against BENTLEY, of appropriating to himself some MS Notes of Sir Edward Sherburn, BOYLE, replying to the argument of BENTLEY, that Phalaris was the work of some Sophist, says:—"The Sophists are every where pelted by Dr. Bentley, for putting out what they wrote in other men's names; but I did not expect to hear so loudly of it, from one that has so far outdone them; for *I think 'tis much worse to take the honour of another man's book to one's self,*

and as treason is infectious when the faction is strong, they were secretly engaging

than to entitle one's own book to another man."—P. 16.

I am surprised BENTLEY did not turn the point of his antagonist's sword on himself, for this flourish was a most unguarded one. But BENTLEY could not then know so much of the book, "made up by contributions," as ourselves.

Partial truths flew about in rumours at the time; but the friends of a young Nobleman, and even his fellow-workmen, seemed concerned that his glory should not be diminished by a ruinous division.—RYMER, in his "Essay concerning Curious and Critical Learning," judiciously surmised its true origin. "I fancy this book was written (as most public compositions in that College are) by a *select Club*. Every one seems to have thrown in a repartee or so in his turn; and the most ingenious Dr. Aldrich (he does not deserve the epithet in its most friendly sense) no doubt, at their head, smoaked and punned plentifully on this occasion." The arrogance of AL-

new associates. Whenever any of the Party published any thing themselves, they

DRICH exceeded even that of BENTLEY. RYMER tells us further, that ALDRICH was notorious for thus employing his "young inexperienced Students;" that he "*betrayed* Mr. Boyle into the controversy, and is still involving others in the quarrel." Thus he points at the rival chieftains; one of whom never appeared in public, but was the great mover behind the curtain. These lively wits, so deeply busied among the obscurest writers of antiquity, so much against their will, making up a shew of learning against the formidable array of BENTLEY, exhilarated themselves in their dusty labours, by a perpetual stimulus of keen humour, playful wit, and angry invective. No doubt they were often enraged at bearing the yoke about their luxuriant manes, ploughing the darkest and heaviest soil of antiquity. They had been reared,

"Insultare solo, et gressus glomerare superbos."

Georg. Lib. iii. 117.

"To insult the ground, and proudly pace the plain."

TRAPP.

had sworn to have always "a fling at BENTLEY," and intrigued with their friends.

SWIFT, in "The Battle of the Books," who, under his patron, Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, was naturally in alliance with "the Bees," with ingenious ambiguity alludes to the glorious manufacture. "BOYLE, clad in a suit of armour, *which had been given him by all the* GODS." Still the truth was only floating in rumours and surmises; and the little, BOYLE had done was not yet known. Lord ORRERY, his son, had a difficulty to overcome, to pass lightly over this allusion. The literary honour of the family was at stake, and his filial piety was exemplary to a father, who had unfortunately, in passion, deprived his Lordship of the family-library; a stroke from which his sensibility never recovered, and which his enemies ungenerously pointed against him. Lord ORRERY, with all the tenderness of a son, and the caution of a politician, observes on "the armour given by the Gods:"—"I shall not *dispute* about the *gift* of the Armour. The Gods never bestowed celestial armour, except upon heroes, whose courage and

They procured KEIL, the Professor of Astronomy, in so grave a work as "The Theory of the Earth," to have a fling at BENTLEY's boasted sagacity in conjectural Criticism. WOTTON, in a dignified reproof, administered a spirited correction to the party-spirit; while his love of Science induced him generously to commend KEIL, and intimate the advantages the world may derive from his studies, "as he grows older." Even GARTH and POPE struck in with the alliance, and conde-

superior strength distinguished them from the rest of mankind." Most ingeniously he would seem to convert into a classical fable, what was designed as a plain matter of fact!

It does credit to the discernment of BENTLEY, whose taste was not very lively in English composition, that he pronounced BOYLE was *not the author* of the Examination, from *the variety of styles in it.*—p. 107.

scended to pour out rhimes more lasting than even the prose of "the Bees."

But of all the rabid Wits who fastened on his prey, never to draw his fangs from the noble animal, the facetious Dr. KING seems to have been the only one who excited BENTLEY's anger. Persevering malice, in the teasing shape of caustic banter, seems to have affected the spirit even of BENTLEY.

At one of those conferences, which passed between BENTLEY and the Bookseller, KING happened to be present; and being called on by BOYLE to bear his part in the drama, he performed it quite to the taste of "the Bees." He addressed a letter to Dean ALDRICH, in which he gave one particular: and, to make up a sufficient dose, dropped some corrosives. He closes his letter thus:—"That scorn and contempt

which I have naturally for pride and insolence, makes me remember that which otherwise I might have forgotten." Nothing touched BENTLEY more to the quick than reflections on "his pride and insolence." Our defects seem to lose much of their character, in reference to ourselves, by habit and natural disposition: yet we have always a painful suspicion of their existence; and he who touches them, with no tenderness, is never pardoned. The invective of KING had all the bitterness of truth. BENTLEY applied a line from Horace; which shewed that both Horace and Bentley could pun in anger:

"Proscripti *Regis Rupili* pus atque venenum [E]." Sat. i. 7.

The filth and venom of *Rupilius King*.—

[E] This short and pointed satire of Horace is merely a pleasant story about a low wretch of the

The particular, KING imperfectly recollected, made afterwards much noise among the Wits, for giving them a new notion of the nature of ancient MSS. KING relates that Dr. BENTLEY said: — "If the MS. were collated, it would be worth nothing for the future." BENTLEY, to mortify the pertness of the Bookseller, who would not send his publications to the Royal Library, had said that he ought, were it but to make amends for the damage the MS. would sustain by his printing the various readings; "for," added BENTLEY, "after the various lections were once taken and printed, *the MS. would be like a*

name of KING; and Brutus, under whose command he was, is intreated to get rid of him, from his hereditary hatred to *all Kings*. I suppose this pun must be considered legitimate, otherwise Horace was an indifferent punster.

*squeezed orange, and little worth for the future.*" This familiar comparison of a MS. with a squeezed orange, provoked the Epigrammatists. BENTLEY adds some curious facts concerning the fate of MSS. after they have been printed; but is aware, he says, of what little relish or sense the Doctor has of MSS. who is better skilled in "the catalogue of ales, his Humty-Dumty, Hugmatee, Three-threads, and the rest of that glorious list, than in the catalogue of MSS." KING, in his banter on Dr. LISTER's journey to Paris, had given a list of these English beverages. It was well known that he was in too constant an intercourse with them all. BENTLEY nicknames KING through the progress of his Controversy, for his tavern-pleasures, Humty-Dumty, and accuses him of writing more in a Tavern than in a Study. He

little knew the injustice of his charge against a Student who had written Notes on 22,000 books and MSS.; but they were not Greek ones.

All this was not done with impunity. An irritated Wit only finds his adversary cutting out work for him. A second letter, more abundant with the same pungent qualities, fell on the head of BENTLEY. KING says of the Arch Critic:—"He thinks meanly, I find, of my reading; yet for all that, I dare say I have read more than any man in England besides *him* and *me;* for I have read his book all over [F]."

[F] A keen repartee! Yet KING could read this mighty Volume, as "a vain confused performance," which the learned DODWELL declared to "the Bees of Christ-church," who looked up to him, that "he had never learned so much from any book of the size in his life." KING was as unjust to BENT-

Nor was this all: "Humty-Dumty" published eleven "Dialogues of the Dead," supposed to be written by a Student at Padua, concerning "one Bentivoglio, a very troublesome critic in the world;" where, under the character of "Signior Moderno," WOTTON falls into his place. Whether these dialogues mortified BENTLEY, I know not: they ought to have

LEY, as BENTLEY to KING. Men of Genius are more subject to "unnatural civil war," than even the Blockheads whom POPE sarcastically reproaches with it. The great Critic's own notion of his Volume seems equally modest and just. "To undervalue this dispute about Phalaris, because it does not suit one's own studies, is to quarrel with a circle, because it is not a square. If the question be not of vulgar use, it was writ therefore for a few; for even the greatest performances, upon the most important subjects, are no entertainment at all to *the many of the world.*" P. 107.

afforded him very high amusement. But when a man is at once tickled and pinched, the operation requires a gentler temper than BENTLEY's. "Humty-Dumty," indeed, had BENTLEY too often before him. There was something like inveteracy in his wit; but he who invented the remarkable Index to BOYLE's book, must have closely studied BENTLEY's character. He has given it with all its protuberant individuality [G].

BENTLEY, with his peculiar idiom, had censured "all the stiffness and stateliness, and operoseness of style, quite alien from the character of Phalaris, a man of business and dispatch." BOYLE keenly turns his own words on BENTLEY. "*Stiffness*

[G] This INDEX, a very original morsel of literary pleasantry, is at once a satirical character of the great Critic, and what it professes to be. I preserve

*and stateliness, and operoseness of style,* is indeed quite *alien from the character*

a specimen among the curiosities I am collecting. It is entitled,

"*A Short Account of Dr.* BENTLEY, *by way of Index.*

"Dr. BENTLEY's true story proved false, by the testimonies of, &c. p. —.

"His civil language, p. —.

"His nice taste,

in Wit, p. —.
in Stile, p. —.
in Greek, p. —.
in Latin, p. —.
in English, p. —.

"His modesty and decency in contradicting great men" — a very long list of Authors, concluding with "*Every body*:" p. —.

"His familiar acquaintance with books he never saw," p. —.

And lastly, "his profound skill in Criticism — from beginning to

THE END."

Which thus terminates the Volume.

*of a man of business;* and being but a *Library-keeper*, it is not over-modestly done, to oppose his judgment and taste to that of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, who knows more of these things than Dr. BENTLEY does of Hesychius and Suidas. Sir William Temple has spent a good part of his life in transacting affairs of State: he has written to Kings, and they to him; and this has qualified him to judge, how Kings should write, much better than the *Library-keeper at St. James's.*"—This may serve as a specimen of the Attic style of the Controversy. Hard words sometimes passed. BOYLE complains of some of the *similes* which BENTLEY employs, more significant than elegant. For the new readings of his Phalaris, "he likens me to a bungling tinker, mending old kettles." Correcting the faults of his

version, he says, "the first Epistle cost me four pages in scouring;" and, "by the help of a Greek proverb, he calls me downright ass." But while he complains of these sprinklings of ink, he himself contributes to BENTLEY's Collection of Asinine Proverbs, and "throws him in one out of Aristophanes," of "an Ass carrying Mysteries;" "a proverb, says Erasmus (as "the Bees" construe him), applied to those who were preferred to some place they did not deserve, as when a *Dunce* was made a *Library-keeper*."

Some ambiguous threats are scattered in the Volume, while others are more intelligible. When BENTLEY, in his own defence, had referred to the opinions some learned foreigners entertained of him, — they attribute these to "the foreigners, because they are foreigners; We, that have

the happiness of a nearer conversation with him, know him better; and we may perhaps take an opportunity of setting these mistaken strangers right in their opinions." They threaten him with his character, "in a tongue that will last longer, and go further, than their own;" and, in the imperious style of Festus, add:—"Since Dr. Bentley has appealed to foreign Universities, to foreign Universities he must go." Yet this is light, compared with the odium they would raise against him by the menace of the resentments of a whole Society of learned men.

"*Single adversaries* die and drop off; but *Societies* are immortal: their resentments are sometimes delivered down, from hand to hand; and, when once they have begun with a man, there is no knowing when they will leave him."

In reply to this literary anathema, BENTLEY was furnished, by his familiarity with his favourite authors, with a fortunate application of a term, derived from Phalaris himself. Cicero had conveyed his idea of Cæsar's cruelty, by this term, which he invented from the very name of the tyrant*.

"There is a certain temper of mind that Cicero calls PHALARISM; a spirit like Phalaris's. One would be apt to imagine that a portion of it had descended upon some of his Translators. The gentleman has given a broad hint, more than once in his book, that if I proceed further against Phalaris, I may draw, perhaps, a duel, or a stab upon myself;—a generous threat to a Divine, who neither carries arms, nor principles, fit for that sort of controversy. I expected such usage from the spirit of Phalarism.——"

* Cicero ad Atticum, Lib. vii. Epist. xii.

In this controversy, the amusing fancy of "the Bees" could not pass by Phalaris without contriving to make some use of that brazen Bull, by which he tortured men alive. Not satisfied in their Motto, from the Earl of Roscommon, with wedging "the great Critic, like Milo, in the timber he strove to rend," they gave him a second death in their Finis, by throwing BENTLEY into Phalaris's Bull, and flattering their vain imaginations that they heard him "bellow."

"He has defied Phalaris, and used him very coarsely, under the assurance, as he tells us, that "he is out of his reach." Many of Phalaris's enemies thought the same thing, and repented of their vain confidence, afterwards, in his *Bull.* Dr. BENTLEY is perhaps, by this time, or will be suddenly satisfied, that he also has presumed a little too much

upon his distance; but 'twill be too late to repent, when he begins to bellow [H]."

BENTLEY, although the solid force of his mind was not favourable to the lighter sports of Wit, yet was not quite destitute of those airy qualities; nor does he seem insensible to the literary merits of "that odd work," as he calls BOYLE's Volume, and conveys a very good notion of it: "If his book shall happen to be preserved any where, as an useful common-place book for Ridicule, Banter, and all the topics of Calumny." With equal dignity and sense,

[H] No doubt this idea was the origin of that satirical Capriccio, which closed in a most fortunate pun — a literary caricature, where the Doctor is represented in the hands of Phalaris's attendants, who are putting him into the Tyrant's bull; while BENTLEY exclaims: "I had rather be *roasted* than *Boyled*."

he observes on the Ridicule so freely used by both parties:—"I am content, that what is the greatest virtue of his book should be counted the greatest fault of mine."

His Reply to "Milo's fate," and the tortures he was supposed to pass through, when thrown into Phalaris's Bull, is a piece of sarcastic humour, which will not suffer by comparison with the Volume more celebrated for its wit.

"The facetious 'Examiner' seems resolved to vie with *Phalaris* himself in the science of PHALARISM; for his revenge is not satisfied with one single death of his adversary, but he will kill me over and over again. He has slain me twice, by two several deaths! one in the first page of his book, and another in the last. In the Title-page, I die the death of Milo, the Crotonian,

"——— Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend."

"The application of which must be this:—That as Milo, after his victories at six several Olympiads, was at last conquered and destroyed in wrestling with a *Tree;* so I, after I had attained to some small reputation in letters, am to be quite baffled and run down by *wooden antagonists.* But in the end of his book he has got me into Phalaris's Bull, and he has the pleasure of fancying that he hears me *begin to bellow.* Well, since it is certain that I am in the Bull, I have performed the part of a sufferer. For as the cries of the tormented, in old Phalaris's Bull, being conveyed through pipes lodged in the machine, were turned into music for the entertainment of the Tyrant; so the complaints which my torments express from me, being conveyed to Mr. BOYLE by this answer, are all dedicated to his pleasure and diversion. But yet, methinks, when he

was setting up to be *Phalaris junior*, the very omen of it might have deterred him. As the old Tyrant himself, at last, bellowed in his own Bull, his imitators ought to consider, that at long run their own actions may chance to overtake them." p. xliii.

Wit, however, enjoyed the temporary triumph. Not but that some, in that day, loudly protested against the award [1].—

[1] Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, in his bold attempt at writing "A Satire against Wit," in utter defiance to it, without any, however, conveys some opinions of the times. He there paints the great Critic, "crowned with applause," seated amidst "the spoils of ruined Wits"—

"Till his rude strokes had thresh'd the empty sheaf,
Methought there had been something else than chaff."

BOYLE, not satisfied with the undeserved celebrity conceded to his Volume, ventured to write poetry,

"The Episode of Bentley and Wotton," in "The Battle of the Books," is conceived with all the caustic imagination of the first of our prose satirists. There BENTLEY's great qualities are represented as "tall, without shape or comeliness; large, without strength or proportion:" his various erudition, as "armour patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces:" his Book, as "the sound" of that armour, "loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead from the roof of some steeple:" his haughty intrepidity, as "a vizor of brass, tainted by his breath, corrupted

in which no one appears to have suspected the aid of "The Bees."

"See a fine scholar sunk by Wit in BOYLE!
After his foolish rhimes, both friends and foes
Conclude they know, *who did not write his prose.*"
*A Satire against Wit.*

into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that whenever provoked, by anger or labour, an atramentous quality, of most malignant nature, was seen to distil from his lips." WOTTON is "heavy-armed and slow of foot, lagging behind." They perish together in one ludicrous death. BOYLE, in his celestial armour, by a stroke of his weapon, transfixes both "the lovers," "as a cook trusses a brace of woodcocks, with iron skewer piercing the tender sides of both. Joined in their lives, joined in their death, so closely joined, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare." Such is the candour of Wit! The great qualities of an adversary, as in BENTLEY, are distorted into disgraceful attitudes; while the suspected virtues of a friend, as in BOYLE,

not satisfied to pass over in prudent silence, are even ornamented with spurious panegyric.

GARTH, catching the feeling of the time, sung—

"And to a BENTLEY 'tis we owe a BOYLE."

Posterity justly appreciates the Volume of BENTLEY for its stores of ancient Literature, and the Author, for that peculiar sagacity in emending a corrupt text, which formed his distinguishing characteristic as a classical Critic; and since this book, but for this Literary Quarrel had never appeared, reverses the names, in the verse of the Satirist.

PARKER AND MARVELL.

# PARKER AND MARVELL.

MARVELL *the founder of "a newly-refined art of jeering buffoonery" — his knack of nick-naming his adversaries* — PARKER'S *Portrait* — PARKER *suddenly changes his principles — his declamatory style* — MARVELL *prints his anonymous letter as a motto to "The Rehearsal transprosed" — describes him as "an At-all"* — MARVELL'S *ludicrous description of the whole posse of Answerers summoned together by* PARKER — MARVELL'S *cautious allusion to* MILTON — *his solemn invective against* PARKER — *anecdote of* MARVELL *and* PARKER — PARKER *retires after the second part of "The Rehearsal transprosed" — The Recreant, reduced to silence, distils his secret vengeance in a posthumous Libel.*

ONE of the legitimate ends of Satire, and one of the proud triumphs of Genius, is to unmask the false Zealot; to beat back the haughty spirit that is treading down all; and if it cannot teach modesty, and raise a blush, at least to inflict terror and silence. It is then the Satirist gives honour to the place of the Executioner.

"As one whose whip of steel can with a lash
Imprint the characters of shame so deep,
Even in the brazen forehead of proud Sin,
That not Eternity shall wear it out."

*Randolph's Muses Looking-glass, Act I. Sc. 4.*

The quarrel between PARKER and MARVELL is a striking example of the efficient powers of genius, in first humbling, and then annihilating, an unprincipled Bravo who has placed himself at the head of a faction.

MARVELL the under-secretary; the bosom-friend of MILTON, whose fancy he has often caught in his verse, was one of the greatest wits of the luxuriant age of Charles II.; he was indeed a master in all the Arts of Ridicule; and his inexhaustible spirit only required some permanent subject to rival the causticity of SWIFT, whose style, in neatness and vivacity, seems to have been modelled on it [A]. But MARVELL placed the oblation of genius on a temporary altar, and the sacrifice sunk with it; he wrote to the times, and with the times his writings have passed away; yet something there is incorruptible in wit,

[A] SWIFT certainly admired, if he did not imitate MARVELL; for in his "Tale of a Tub" he says, "We still read MARVELL's answer to PARKER with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago."

and wherever its salt has fallen, that part is still preserved.

Such are the vigour and fertility of MARVELL's writings, that our old Chronicler of Literary History, ANTHONY WOOD, considers him as the founder "in the then newly-refined art (though much in mode and fashion almost ever since) of sportive and jeering buffoonery [B];" and the

[B] This is a curious remark of WOOD's: how came Raillery and Satire to be considered as "a newly-refined art?" Has it not, at all periods, been prevalent among every literary people? The remark is, however, more founded on truth than it appears, and arose from WOOD's own feelings. Wit and Raillery had been so strange to us during the gloomy period of the fanatic Commonwealth, that honest Anthony, whose prejudices did not run in favour of MARVELL, not only considers him as the "restorer of this newly-refined art," but as one "hugely versed in it," and acknowledges all its efficacy in the com-

crabbed humourist describes "this pen-combat as briskly managed on both sides;

plete discomfiture of his haughty rival. Besides this, *a small book* of controversy, such as MARVELL's usually are, was another novelty—the "aureoli libelli," as one fondly calls his precious books, were in the wretched taste of the times, rhapsodies in folio. The reader has doubtless heard of CARYLL's endless "Commentary on Job," consisting of 2400 folio pages! in small type. Of that monument of human perseverance, which, commenting on Job's patience, inspired what few works do to whoever read them, the exercise of the virtue it inculcated, the publisher, in his advertisement in Clavel's Catalogue of Books, 1681, announces the two folios in 600 sheets each! these were a republication of the first edition, in twelve volumes quarto! he apologises that "it hath been *so long a doing*, to the great vexation and loss of the proposer." He adds, "Indeed, *some few lines*, no more than what may be contained in *a quarto page*, are expunged, *they not relating to the Exposition*, which nevertheless some, by malicious prejudice, have so

a jerking flirting way of writing entertaining the reader, by seeing two such right cocks of the game so keenly engaging with sharp and dangerous weapons." BURNET calls MARVELL "the liveliest droll of the age who writ in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and entertaining a conduct, that from the King to the Tradesman, his books were read with great pleasure." Charles II. was a more polished judge than these uncouth Critics, and, to the credit of his impartiality, for that witty monarch and his dissolute court were never spared by MARVELL, who remained inflexible to his

unjustly aggravated, as if the whole work had been disordered." He apologises for curtailing *a few lines* from 2400 folio pages! and he considered that these few lines were the only ones that did not relate to the Exposition! At such a time, the little books of MARVELL must have been considered as relishing morsels after such indigested surfeits.

seduction, he deemed MARVELL the best Prose Satirist of the age. But MARVELL had other qualities than the freest humour and the finest wit in this "newly-refined art," which seems to have escaped these grave Critics — a vehemence of solemn reproof, and an eloquence of invective, that awes one with the spirit of the modern Junius, and may give some notion of that more ancient Satirist, whose writings are said to have so completely answered their design, that, after perusal, their unhappy object hanged himself on the first tree; and in the present case, though the delinquent did not lay violent hands on himself, he did what, for an Author, may be considered as desperate a course, "withdraw from the town, and cease writing for some years [c]."

[c] So BURNET tells us.

The celebrated work here to be noticed is MARVELL's "Rehearsal transprosed;" a title facetiously adopted from Bayes in "The Rehearsal transposed" of the Duke of Buckingham. It was written against the works and the person of Dr. SAMUEL PARKER, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, whom he designates under the character of Bayes, to denote the incoherence and ridiculousness of his character. MARVELL had a peculiar knack of calling names — it consisted in appropriating a ludicrous character in some popular comedy, and dubbing his adversaries with it. In the same spirit he ridiculed Dr. TURNER, of Cambridge, a brother-genius to PARKER, by nicknaming him "Mr. Smirk, the Divine in Mode," the name of the Chaplain in Etherege's "Man of Mode," and thus,

by a stroke of the pen, conveyed an idea of "a neat, starched, formal, and forward Divine." This application of a fictitious character to a real one, this christening a man with ridicule, though of no difficult invention, will prove not a little hazardous to inferior writers; for it requires not less wit than MARVELL'S, to bring out of the real character, the ludicrous features which mark the factitious prototype.

PARKER himself must have his portrait, and if the likeness be justly hit off, some may recollect a resemblance. MASON applies the epithet of "Mitred Dullness" to him: but although he was at length reduced to railing and to menaces, and finally mortified into silence, this epithet does not suit so hardy and so active an adventurer.

The secret history of PARKER may be collected in MARVELL [D]; and his more public one in our honest Chronicler, Anthony Wood. PARKER was originally educated in strict sectarian principles; a starch Puritan, "fasting and praying with the Presbyterian students weekly, and who, for their refection feeding on thin broth made of oatmeal and water only, they were commonly called *Gruellers*." Among these, says MARVELL, "it was observed that he was wont to put more graves than all the rest into his porridge," and was deemed "one of the *preciousest* [E] young men in the University." These mortified

[D] See "The Rehearsal transprosed, the second part," p. 76.

[E] One of the canting terms used by the Saints of those days, and not obsolete in the dialect of those who still give themselves out to be Saints in the present.

saints, it seems the brotherhood and the sisterhood, held their chief meetings at the house of "Bess Hampton, an old and crooked maid that drove the trade of laundry, who being from her youth very much given to the godly party, as they called themselves, had frequent meetings, especially for those that were her customers." Such is the dry humour of honest Anthony, who paints like the OSTADE of literary history.

But the age of Sectarism and thin gruel was losing all its coldness in the sunshine of the Restoration; and this "preciousest young man," from praying and caballing against Episcopacy, suddenly acquainted the world in one of his Dedications, that Dr. RALPH BATHURST had "rescued him from the chains and fetters of an unhappy education," and, without any intermediate

apology, from a sullen Sectarist turned a flaming highflyer for the "supreme dominion" of the church [F].

[F] MARVELL admirably describes PARKER's journey to London at the Restoration, where "he spent a considerable time in creeping into all corners and companies, horoscoping up and down concerning the duration of the government." This term, so expressive of his political doubts, is from Judicial Astrology, then a prevalent study. "Not considering any thing as best, but as most lasting and most profitable; and after having many times cast a figure, he at last satisfied himself that the Episcopal government would endure as long as this King lived, and from thenceforwards cast about to find the highway to preferment. To do this, he daily enlarged not only his conversation, but his conscience, and was made free of some of the town-vices; imagining, like Muleasses, King of Tunis (for I take witness that on all occasions I treat him rather above his quality than otherwise), that by hiding himself among the onions he should escape being traced by his per-

It is the after-conduct of PARKER that throws light on this rapid change. On speculative points any man may be sud-

fumes." The narrative proceeds with a curious detail of all his sycophantic attempts at seducing useful patrons, among whom was the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then began "those pernicious books," says MARVELL, "in which he first makes all that he will to be Law, and then whatsoever is Law, to be Divinity." PARKER, in his "Ecclesiastical Polity," came at length to promulgate such violent principles as these, "He openly declares his submission to the government of a Nero and a Caligula, rather than suffer a dissolution of it." He says, "it is absolutely necessary to set up a more severe government over men's consciences and religious persuasions than over their vices and immoralities;" and that "men's vices and debaucheries may be more safely indulged than their consciences." Is it not difficult to imagine that this man had once been an Independent, the advocate for every congregation being independent of a bishop or a synod?

denly converted; for these may depend on facts or arguments which might never have occurred to him before. But when we observe this "preciousest Grueller" clothed in purple; when we watch the weathercock chopping with the wind, so pliant to move, and so stiff when fixed, and equally hardy in the most opposite measures, become a favourite with James II. and a furious advocate for arbitrary government; when we see him railing at and menacing those among whom he had committed as many extravagancies as any of them [G]; can we

[G] PARKER's father was a lawyer, and one of Oliver's most submissive sub-committee men, who so long pillaged the nation and spilt its blood, "not in the hot and military way (which diminishes always the offence), but in the cooler blood and sedentary execution of an high court of justice." He wrote a very remarkable book (after he had been petitioned against for misdemeanour) in defence of that

hesitate to decide, that this bold, haughty, and ambitious man, was one of those who, having neither religion nor morality for a casting weight, can easily fly off to opposite extremes; and whether a Puritan or a Bishop, we must place his zeal to the same side of his religious ledger, that of the profits of Barter!

usurped irregular state called 'The Government of the People of England'." It had "a most hieroglyphical title" of several emblems: two hands joined, and beneath a sheaf of arrows, stuffed about with half a dozen mottoes, "enough," says MARVELL, "to have supplied the mantlings and achievement of this (godly) family." An anecdote in this secret history of PARKER is probably true. "He shortly afterwards did inveigh against his father's memory, and in his mother's presence, before witnesses, for a couple of whining fanatics."

*Rehearsal Transprosed, second part*, p. 75.

The present quarrel originated in a Preface [H], written by PARKER, in which he had poured down his contempt and abuse on his old companions, the Nonconformists. It was then MARVELL clipped his wings with his "Rehearsal transprosed;" and his wit and humour were finely contrasted with PARKER'S extravagancies, set off in his declamatory style; of which MARVELL wittily describes "the volume and circumference of the periods, which, though he takes always to be his chiefest strength, yet indeed, like too great a line, weakens the defence, and requires too many men to make it good." The tilt was now opened; and PARKER'S Knights attempted to grasp the sharp and polished

[H] This Preface was prefixed to Bishop Bramhall's Vindication of the Bishops from the Presbyterian Charge of Popery.

weapon of MARVELL, to turn it on himself [1]. A certain personage, with "his

[1] As a specimen of what old Anthony calls "a jerking flirting way of writing," I transcribe the titles of answers which MARVELL received. As MARVELL had nicknamed PARKER, Bayes, the quaint humour of one, entitled his reply, "Rosemary and Bayes;" another, "The Transproser Rehearsed, or the Fifth Act of Mr. Bayes's Play;" another, "Gregory Father Greybeard, with his Vizard off;" another formed "a Common-place Book out of the Rehearsal, digested under heads;" and, lastly, "Stoo him Bayes, or some Animadversions on the Humour of writing Rehearsals."—Biog. Brit. p. 3055.

This was the very Bartlemy Fair of Wit! But MARVELL, with malicious ingenuity, sees PARKER in them all — they so much resembled their Master! "There were no less," says the wit, "than six Scaramouches together upon the stage, all of them of the same gravity and behaviour, the same tone, the same habit, that it was impossible to discern which was the true author of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' I believe he imitated the wisdom of some

beaver down," did certainly appear among these champions; but the Recreant having had his shield reversed, flew, and was never seen more! PARKER, in fact, replied to MARVELL anonymously, by "A Reproof to the Rehearsal transprosed," with a mild exhortation to the magistrate to crush with the secular arm the pestilent Wit, the servant of Cromwell and the friend of Milton. But this was not all; something else, anonymous too, was dispatched to MARVELL: it was an extraordinary letter, short enough to have been an Epigram, could PARKER have written one; but short as it was, it was more in character, for it was only a threat of assassi-

other princes, who have sometimes been persuaded by their servants to disguise several others in the regal garb, that the enemy might not know in the battle whom to single."

nation! It concluded with these words: "If thou darest to print any lie or libel against Dr. PARKER, by the Eternal God I will cut thy throat." MARVELL replies to "the Reproof," which he calls a printed letter, and likewise to the unprinted letter, which he publishes in his own title-page.

Of two volumes of wit and broad humour, and of the most galling invective, one part flows so much into another, that the volatile spirit would be injured by an analytical process. But MARVELL will now only be read by the curious lovers of our literature, who find the strong, luxuriant, though not the delicate, wit of the wittiest age, never obsolete: the Reader shall not, however, part from MARVELL, without some slight transplantations from a soil of which the rich vegetation breaks out in every part.

Of the pleasantry and sarcasm, these may be considered as specimens. PARKER was both author and licenser of his own work on "Ecclesiastical Polity" [K]; and it appears he got the licence for printing MARVELL's first "Rehearsal" recalled. The Church appeared in danger, when the Doctor discovered he was so furiously attacked. MARVELL sarcastically rallies him on his dual capacity.

"He is such an *At-all*, of so many capacities, that he would excommunicate any man who should have presumed to intermeddle with any one of his provinces. Has he been an Author? he is too the Licenser. Has he

[K] The title will convey some notion of its intolerant principles: "A Discourse of Ecclesiastical Polity, wherein the authority of the Civil Magistrate *over the Consciences of Subjects*, in matters of external Religion, is asserted."

been a Father? he will stand too for Godfather. Had he acted *Pyramus*, he would have been *Moonshine* too, and the *Hole in the wall*. That first author of 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' (such as his) Nero, was of the same temper. He could not be contented with the Roman Empire, unless he were too his own Precentor; and lamented only the detriment that mankind must sustain at his death, in losing so considerable a Fidler."

The Satirist describes PARKER's arrogance for those whom PARKER calls the Vulgar, and whom he defies as "a rout of Wolves and Tigers, Apes and Buffoons;" yet his personal fears are oddly contrasted with his self-importance: "If he chance but to sneeze, he prays that the *foundations of the earth* be not shaken — Ever since he crept up to be but the *weathercock of a steeple*, he trembles and cracks at every puff of wind

that blows about him, as if the *Church of England* were falling." PARKER boasted, in certain philosophical "Tentamina," or Essays of his, that he had confuted the Atheists: MARVELL declares, "If he hath reduced any Atheist by his book, he can only pretend to have converted them (as in the old Florentine wars) by mere tiring them out, and perfect weariness." A pleasant allusion to those mock fights of the Italian mercenaries, who, after parading all day, rarely unhorsed a single cavalier.

MARVELL blends with a ludicrous description of his answerers, great fancy.

"The whole *Posse Archidiaconatus* was raised to repress me; and great riding there was, and sending post every way to pick out the ablest Ecclesiastical Droles to prepare an answer. Never was such a hubbub made about a sorry book. One flattered himself

with being at least a Surrogate; another was so modest as to set up with being but a Paritor; while the most generous hoped only to be graciously smiled upon at a good dinner; but the more hungry starvelings generally looked upon it as an immediate call to a Benefice; and he that could but write an answer, whatsoever it were, took it for the most dexterous, cheap, and legal way of simony. As is usual on these occasions, there arose no small competition and mutiny among the pretenders."

It seems all the body had not impudence enough, and had too nice consciences, and could not afford an extraordinary expence in wit for the occasion. It was then

"The author of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity' altered his lodgings to a Calumny-office, and kept open chamber for all comers, that he might be supplied himself, or supply others,

as there was occasion. But the information came in so slenderly, that he was glad to make use of any thing rather than sit out; and there was at last nothing so slight, but it grew material; nothing so false, but he resolved it should go for truth; and what wanted in matter, he would make out with invention and artifice. So that he and his remaining comrades seemed to have set up a glass-house, the model of which he had observed from the height of his window in the neighbourhood, and the art he had been initiated into ever since from the manufacture (he will criticise because not orifacture) of *Soap-bubbles*, he improved by degrees to the mystery of making *Glass-drops*, and thence, in running leaps, mounted by these virtues to be Fellow of the Royal Society, Doctor of Divinity, Parson, Prebend, and Archdeacon. The furnace was so hot of itself, that there needed no coals, much less any one to blow them. One

burnt the weed, another calcined the flint, a third melted down that mixture; but he himself fashioned all with his breath, and polished with his style, till, out of a mere jelly of sand and ashes, he had furnished a whole cupboard of things, so brittle and incoherent, that the least touch would break them again in pieces, and so transparent, that every man might see through them."

PARKER had accused MARVELL with having served Cromwell, and being the friend of MILTON, then living, at a moment when such an accusation not only rendered a man odious, but put his life in danger. MARVELL, who now perceived that MILTON, whom he never looked on but with the eyes of reverential awe, was likely to be drawn into his quarrel, touches on this subject with infinite delicacy and tenderness, but not with diminished energy against his

malignant adversary, whom he shews to have been an impertinent intruder in MILTON's house, where indeed he had first known him. He cautiously alludes to our English Homer by his initials: at that moment the very name of MILTON would have tainted the page!

"J. M. was, and is, a man of great learning and sharpness of wit, as any man. It was his misfortune, living in a tumultuous time, to be tossed on the wrong side; and he writ, *flagrante bello*, certain dangerous treatises. But some of his books, upon which you take him at advantage, were of no other nature than that one writ by your own father; only with this difference, that your Father's, which I have by me, was written with the same design, but with much less wit or judgment, for which there was no remedy, unless you will supply his judgment with his high Court of Justice. At his Majesty's happy return,

J. M. did partake, even as you yourself did, for all your huffing, of his royal clemency, and has ever since expiated himself in a retired silence. Whether it were my foresight, or my good fortune, I never contracted any friendship or confidence with you; but then, it was, you frequented J. M. incessantly, and haunted his house day by day. What discourses you there used, he is too generous to remember. But for you to insult over his old age, to traduce him by your scaramouches, and in your own person, as a Schoolmaster, who was born and hath lived more ingenuously and liberally than yourself! ——."

MARVELL, when he lays by his playful humour and fertile fancy, for more solemn remonstrances, assumes a loftier tone, and a severity of invective, from which, indeed, PARKER never recovered.

Accused by PARKER of aiming to de-

grade the Clerical character, MARVELL declares his veneration for that holy vocation, and would reflect even on the failings of the men, from whom so much is expected, with indulgent reverence.

"Their virtues are to be celebrated, with all encouragement; and if their vices be not notoriously palpable, let the eye, as it defends its organ, so conceal the object by connivance." But there are cases, when even to write satirically against a Clergyman, may be not only excusable, but necessary. "The man who gets into the Church by the belfry or the window, ought never to be borne in the pulpit; the man who illustrates his own corrupt doctrines with as ill a conversation, and adorns the lasciviousness of his life with an equal petulancy of style and language."—In such a concurrence of misdemeanors, what is to be done? The example and the consequence so pernicious! which could not be,

"if our great pastors but exercise the wisdom of common shepherds, by parting with one, to stop the infection of the whole flock, when his rottenness grows notorious. Or if our Clergy would but use the instinct of other creatures, and chase the blown deer out of their herd, such mischiefs might easily be remedied. In this case it is, that I think a Clergyman is laid open to the pen of any one that knows how to manage it; and that every person who has either wit, learning, or sobriety, is licensed, if debauched, to curb him; if erroneous, to catechise him; and if foul-mouthed and biting, to muzzle him.—Such an one would never have come into the church, but to take sanctuary; rather wheresoever men shall find the footing of so wanton a satyr out of his own bounds, the neighbourhood ought, notwithstanding all his pretended capering divinity, to haunt him through the woods, with hounds and horse, home to his harbour."

And he frames an ingenious apology for the freedom of his humour, in this attack on the morals and person of this Adversary.

"To write against him (says MARVELL), is the odiousest task that ever I undertook, and has looked to me all the while like the cruelty of a living dissection; which, however it may tend to public instruction, and though I have picked out the most noxious creature to be anatomised, yet doth scarce excuse the offensiveness of the scent and fouling of my fingers: therefore, I will here break off abruptly, leaving many a vein not laid open, and many a passage not searched into. But if I have undergone the drudgery of the most loathsome part already (which is his personal character), I will not defraud myself of what is more truly pleasant, the conflict with, if it may be so called, his Reason. ——"

It was not only in these "pen-combats" that this Literary Quarrel proceeded; it seems also to have broken out in the streets; for a tale has been preserved of a rencontre, which shews at once the brutal manners of PARKER and the exquisite wit of MARVELL. PARKER meeting MARVELL in the streets, the bully attempted to shove him from the wall; but, even there, MARVELL's agility contrived to lay him sprawling in the kennel; and, looking on him pleasantly, told him to "lie there for a son of a whore!" PARKER complained to the Bishop of Rochester, who immediately sent for MARVELL, to reprimand him; but he maintained that the Doctor had so called himself, in one of his recent publications; and pointing to the Preface, where PARKER declares he is "a true son of his mother, the Church of England:"

and if you read farther on, my Lord, you find he says: "The Church of England has spawned two bastards, the Presbyterians and the Congregationists; ergo, my Lord, he expressly declares that he is the *son of a whore!*"

Although PARKER retreated from any further attack, after the second part of "The Rehearsal transprosed," he in truth only suppressed passions to which he was giving vent, in secresy and silence. That, indeed, was not discovered till a posthumous Work of his appeared, in which one of the most striking parts is a most disgusting caricature of his old antagonist. MARVELL was, indeed, a republican, the pupil of MILTON, and adored his Master; but his morals and his manners were Roman — he lived on the turnip of Curtius, and he would have bled at Philippi. We

do not sympathise with the fierce republican spirit of those unhappy times, that scalped the head, feebly protected by a mitre or a crown. But the private virtues and the rich genius of such a man are pure from the taint of party. We are now to see how far private hatred can distort, in its hideous vengeance, the resemblance it affects to give after Nature. Who could imagine that PARKER is describing MARVELL in these words:

"Among these insolent revilers of great fame for ribaldry, was one MARVELL. From his youth, he lived in all manner of wickedness; and thus, with a singular petulancy from Nature, he performed the office of a Satyrist for the Faction, not so much from the quickness of his wit, as from the sourness of his temper. A vagabond, ragged, hungry poetaster, beaten at every tavern, where he daily received the rewards of his

impudence in kicks and blows [L]. By the interest of MILTON, to whom he was somewhat agreeable for his malignant wit, he became the under-secretary to Cromwell's secretary."

And elsewhere he calls him "a drunken buffoon," and asserts that "he made his conscience more cheap than he had formerly made his reputation;" but the familiar anecdote of MARVELL's political honesty when in want of a dinner, declining the gold sent him by the King, sufficiently replies to the calumniator. PARKER, then in his retreat, seems not to have been taught any thing like modesty by his si-

[L] Vanus, pannosus, et famelicus poetaster œnopolis quovis vapulans, fuste et calce indies petulantiæ pœnas tulit — are the words in PARKER's "*De Rebus sui Temporis Commentariorum.*" — P. 275.

lence, as BURNET conjectured; who says, "that a face of brass must grow red, when it is burnt as his was." It was even then that the Recreant, in silence, was composing the Libel, which his cowardice dared not publish, but which his invincible malice has sent down to posterity.

# D'AVENANT

AND

# A CLUB OF WITS.

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*Calamities of Epic Poets — Character and Anecdotes of* D'Avenant — *attempts a new vein of invention — The Critics marshalled against each other on the Gondibert* — D'Avenant's *sublime feelings of Literary Fame — attacked by a Club of Wits, in two books of Verses — The strange misconception hitherto given respecting the* Second *Part — Various specimens of the Satires on Gondibert, the Poet, and his Panegyrist* Hobbes — *The Poet's silence; and his neglect of the unfinished Epic, while the Philosopher keenly retorts on the Club, and will not allow of any authority in* Wit.

THE Memoirs of Epic Poets, in as far as they relate to the history of their own Epics, would be the most calamitous of all the suitors of the Muses, whether their works have reached us, or scarcely the names of the Poets. An Epic, which has sometimes been the labour of a life, is the game of the Wits and the Critics. One ridicules what is written; the other censures for what has not been written;—and it has happened, in some eminent instances, that the rudest assailants of him who "builds the lofty Rime," have been his ungenerous Contemporaries. Men, whose names are now endeared to us, and who have left their ΚΤΗΜΑ ΕΣ ΑΕΙ, which HOBBES so energetically translates, "a possession for everlasting," have bequeathed an inheritance to posterity, of which they have never been in the receipt

of the revenue. "The first fruits" of Genius have been too often gathered to place upon its tomb. Can we believe that MILTON did not endure mortification from the neglect of "evil days," as certainly as TASSO was goaded to madness by the systematic frigidity of his Critics? He who is now before us had a mind not less exalted than Milton or Tasso; but was so effectually ridiculed, that he has only sent us down the fragment of a great Work.

One of the curiosities in the history of our Poetry, is the GONDIBERT of D'AVENANT; and the fortunes and the fate of this Epic are as extraordinary as the Poem itself. Never has an author deserved more copious memoirs than the fertility of this man's genius claims. His Life would have exhibited a moving picture of Genius in action and in contemplation. With all

the infirmities of lively passions, he had all the redeeming virtues of magnanimity and generous affections; but with the dignity and the powers of a great Genius, falling among an age of Wits, he was covered by Ridicule. D'Avenant was a man who had viewed human life in all its shapes, and had himself taken them. A Poet and a Wit, the Creator of the English Stage with the music of Italy and the scenery of France; a Soldier, an Emigrant, a Courtier, and a Politician:—he was, too, a State-prisoner, awaiting death with his immortal poem in his hand [A]; and at all times a Philosopher!

[A] D'Avenant commenced his Poem during his exile at Paris. The Preface is dated from the Louvre: the Postscript from Cowes Castle, in the Isle of Wight, where he was then confined, expecting his immediate execution. The Poem, in

That hardiness of enterprise which had conducted him through life, brought the

the first Edition, 1651, is therefore abruptly concluded. There is something very affecting and great in his style on this occasion. "I am here arrived at the middle of the third book. But it is high time to strike sail and cast anchor, though I have run but half my course, when at the helm I am threatened with *death;* who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome; and even in the innocent, may beget such a gravity, as diverts the music of verse. Even in a worthy design, I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as *dying;* — and 'tis an experiment to the most experienced; for no man (though his mortifications may be much greater than mine) can say, *He has already died.*"— D'AVENANT is said to have written a letter to HOBBES, about this time, giving some account of his progress in the third book. "But why (said he) should I trouble you or myself with these thoughts, when I am pretty certain I shall be hanged next week."— A stroke of the gaiety of temper of a

same novelty, and conferred on him the same vigour, in Literature.

D'AVENANT attempted to open a new

very thoughtful mind; for D'AVENANT, with all his wit and fancy, has made the profoundest reflections on human life.

The Reader may be interested to know, that after D'AVENANT's removal from Cowes to the Tower, to be tried, his life was saved by the gratitude of two Aldermen of York, whom he had obliged. It is delightful to believe the story told by Bishop NEWTON, that D'AVENANT owed his life to MILTON; WOOD, indeed, attributes our Poet's escape to both; at the Restoration D'AVENANT interposed, and saved MILTON. Poets, after all, envious as they are to a brother, are the most generously-tempered of men: they libel, but they never hang; they will indeed throw out a sarcasm on the man whom they save from being hanged. "Please your Majesty," said Sir JOHN DENHAM, "do not hang GEORGE WITHERS — that it may not be said, I am the worst poet alive."

vein of invention in Narrative Poetry; which, not to call Epic, he termed Heroic; and we who have more completely emancipated ourselves from the arbitrary mandates of Aristotle and Bossu, might call Romantic. Such is the poetry of our SOUTHEY and our SCOTT, with whom one other name is to be joined, twice ennobled, by birth and by genius! In D'AVENANT's age, the very title which described the class of a poetical narrative, was a miserable source of the Civil Wars of the Critics. It was decreed, that every poem should resemble another poem. This was the golden age of "the Poet-apes," till they found that it was easier to produce Epic Writers than Epic Readers.

But our Poet, whose manly genius had rejected one great absurdity, had the folly of adopting another. The first reformers

are always more heated with zeal than enlightened by sagacity. The four and twenty chapters of an Epic, he perceived were but fantastical divisions, and probably, originally, but accidental; yet he proposed another form, as chimerical; he imagined that by having only five, he was constructing his poem on the dramatic plan of five acts. He might with equal propriety have copied the Spanish comedy which I once read, in twenty-five acts, and in no slender folio. "Sea-marks (says D'AVENANT, alluding to the works of antiquity) are chiefly useful to *Coasters*, and serve not those who have the ambition of *Discoverers*, that love to sail in untried seas;" and yet he was attempting to turn an Epic poem into a monstrous Drama, from the servile habits he had contracted from his intercourse with the theatre! This error

of the Poet has, however, no material influence on the Gondibert, as it has come down to us; for, discouraged and ridiculed, our adventurer never finished his voyage of discovery. He who had so nobly vindicated the freedom of the British Muse from the meanness of imitation, and clearly defined what such a narrative as he intended should be, "a perfect Glass of Nature, which gives us a familiar and easy view of ourselves," did not yet perceive that there is no reason why a poetical narrative should be cast into any particular form, or be longer or shorter than the interest it raises will allow.

More than a century and a half have elapsed since the first publication of Gondibert, and its merits are still a subject of controversy; an indubitable proof of some inherent excellence, not willingly forgotten!

The Critics are marshalled on each side, one against the other; while between these formidable lines stands the Poet, with a few scattered readers [B]; but what is

[B] It would form a very curious piece of comparative criticism, were the opinions and the arguments of all the Critics, those of the time and of the present day, thrown into the smelting-pot; the massiness of some opinions of great authority would be reduced to a thread of wire; and even what is accepted as standard ore, might shrink into "a gilt sixpence." On one side, the condemners of D'AVENANT would be RYMER, BLACKWALL, GRANGER, KNOX, HURD, and HAYLEY; and the advocates would be HOBBES, WALLER, COWLEY, DR. AIKIN, HEADLEY, &c. RYMER opened his Aristotelian text-book. He discovers that the Poet's first lines do not give any light into his design (it is probable D'AVENANT would have found it hard to have told Mr. RYMER), That it has neither proposition nor invocation—(RYMER might have filled these up himself); so that "he chuses to enter into the top of the house, because

more surprising in the history of the Gondibert, the Poet is a great poet, the work imperishable!

the mortals of mean and satisfied minds go in at the door," and then "he has no hero or action so illustrious that the *name* of the poem prepared the reader for its reception." D'AVENANT had rejected the marvellous from his poem, that is, the machinery of the Epic. He had resolved to compose a tale of human beings for men. "This was," says BLACKWALL, another of the classical flock, "like lopping off a man's limb, and then putting him upon running races." Our formal Critics are quite lively in their dullness on our "adventurer." But Poets, in the crisis of a poetical revolution, are more legitimate judges than all such Critics. WALLER and COWLEY applaud D'AVENANT for this very omission of the Epical Machinery in this new vein of invention.

"Here no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,
But human passions such as with us dwell;
MAN IS THY THEME, his virtue or his rage,
Drawn to the life in each elaborate page."

WALLER.

The Gondibert has poetical defects fatal for its popularity; the theme was not

> "Methinks heroic poesy, till now,
> Like some fantastic fairy-land did show,
> *And all but Man, in Man's best work had place.*
>
> COWLEY.

HURD's discussion on Gondibert, in his Commentaries, is the most important piece of criticism; subtile, ingenious, and exquisitely analytical; but he holds out the fetter of authority; and he decides as a Judge, who expounds laws; not the best decision, when new laws are required to abrogate obsolete ones. And what laws invented by man can be immutable? D'AVENANT was thus tried by the laws of a country, that of Greece and Rome, of which it is said he was not even a denizen.

It is remarkable, that all the Critics who condemn D'AVENANT, could not but be struck by his excellencies; and are very particular in expressing their admiration of his genius. I mean all the Critics who have read the poem: some assuredly have criticised with little trouble.

happily chosen; the quatrain has been discovered by capricious ears to be unpleasing, though its solemnity was felt by DRYDEN; the style is sometimes harsh and abrupt, though often exquisite; and the fable is deficient in that rapid interest which the story-loving readers of all times seem most to regard. All these are diseases which would have long since proved mortal in a poem less vital; but our Poet was a commanding genius, who redeemed his bold errors by his energetic originality. The luxuriancy of his fancy; the novelty of his imagery; the grandeur of his views of human life; his delight in the new sciences of his age; — these are some of his poetical virtues: but above all, the impressive solemnity of his philosophical reflections; and his condensed epigrammatic thoughts. The work is often more ethical

than poetical; yet, while we feel ourselves becoming wiser at every page, in the fullness of our minds, we still perceive that our emotions have been seldom stirred by passion. The poem falls from our hands! yet is there none, of which we wish to retain so many single verses. D'AVENANT is a poetical Rochefoucault; the sententious force of his maxims on all human affairs, could only have been composed by one who had lived in a constant intercouse with mankind [c].

This was a Poem to delight a Philo-

[c] I select some of these lines as examples. Of CARE, who only "seals her eyes in cloisters," he says,

"She visits Cities, but she dwells in Thrones."

Of learned Curiosity, eager, but not to be hurried — the STUDENT is

"Hasty to know, though not by haste beguiled."

He calls a LIBRARY, with sublime energy,

"The monument of banished minds."

sopher; and HOBBES, in a curious Epistle prefixed to the Work, has strongly marked its distinct beauties. Gondibert not only

Never has a Politician conveyed with such force a most important precept.

——————— "The LAWS,
Men from themselves, but not from Power, secure."

Of the COURT he says,

"There prosperous Power sleeps long, though Suitors wake."

"Be bold, for number cancels bashfulness;
Extremes, from which a KING would blushing shrink,
Unblushing Senates act as no excess."

And these lines, taken as they occur:

"Truth's a discovery made by travelling minds."

"Honour's the moral conscience of the great."

"They grow so certain, as to need no Hope."

"Praise is devotion fit for mighty minds."

I conclude with one complete stanza, of the same cast of reflection. It may be inscribed in the Library

came forth with the elaborate panegyric of HOBBES, but was also accompanied by the high commendatory poems of WALLER and COWLEY; a cause which will sufficiently account for the provocations it inflamed among the poetical crew; and besides these accompaniments, there is a Preface of great length, stampt with all the force and originality of the Poet's own mind; and a Postscript as sublime from the feelings which dictated it, as from the time and place of its composition.

of the Student, in the Manufactory of the Artist, in every place where excellence can only be obtained by knowledge.

"Rich are the diligent, who can command
TIME, Nature's stock! and, could his hour-glass fall,
Would, as for seed of stars, stoop for the sand;
And by incessant labour gather all!"

In these, this great Genius pours himself out with all that "glory of which his large soul appears to have been full," as HURD has nobly expressed it [D]. Such a con-

[D] Can one read such passages as these, without catching some of the sympathies of a great genius that knows itself?

"He who writes an heroic poem, leaves an estate entailed, and he gives a greater gift to posterity than to the present age; for a public benefit is best measured in the number of receivers; and our contemporaries are but few, when reckoned with those who shall succeed.

"If thou art a malicious Reader, thou wilt remember my Preface boldly confessed, that a main motive to the undertaking was a desire of Fame; and thou mayest likewise say, I may very possibly not live to enjoy it. Truly, I have some years ago considered that Fame, like Time, only gets a reverence by long running; and that, like a river, 'tis narrowest where 'tis bred, and broadest afar off.

scious dignity of character, struck the petulant Wits with a provoking sense of their own littleness. Our Poet was un-

"If thou, Reader, art one of those who have been warmed with poetic fire, I reverence thee as my Judge; and whilst others tax me with vanity, I appeal to thy conscience whether it be more than such a necessary assurance as thou hast made to thyself in like undertakings? For when I observe that writers have many enemies, such inward assurance, methinks, resembles that forward confidence in men of arms, which makes them proceed in great enterprize; since the right examination of abilities, begins with inquiring whether we doubt ourselves."

Such a composition is injured by mutilation. He here also alludes to his military character: "Nor could I sit idle, and sigh with such as mourn to hear the drum; for if the age be not quiet enough to be taught virtue a pleasant way, the next may be at leisure; nor could I (like men that have civilly slept till they are old in dark cities) think War a

happily placed in a Court where Man was never seen in his true greatness, but as an object of ridicule; a Court, where the awful presence of CLARENDON became so irksome, that the worthless Monarch exiled him; a Court, where nothing was listened to but wit, at the cost of sense, the injury of truth, and the violation of decency; where a poem of magnitude, with new claims, was a very business for that volatile populace; an Epic poem that was to be travestied and epigrammed, was a national concern, which, next to some new State-plot, that occurred oftener than a new Epic, would engage the Monarch and his Privy Council. These were not the men to be touched by the

novelty." SHAKSPEARE could not have expressed his feelings, in his own style, more eloquently touching, than D'AVENANT.

compressed reflections and the ideal virtues personified in this poem. In the court of the laughing voluptuary, the manners, as well as the morals, of these Satellites of Pleasure, were so little heroic, that those of the first class, for birth or for wit, never mentioned each other but with the vulgar familiarity of nick-names, or the coarse appellatives of Dick, Will, and Jack! Such was the æra when the serious Gondibert was produced, and such were the Judges who seem to have decided its fate!

A Club of Wits caballed, and produced a collection of short Poems, sarcastically entitled "*Certain Verses written by several of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted in the Second Edition of Gondibert*, 1653." Two years after appeared a brother Volume, entitled "*The Incom-*

*parable Poem of Gondibert vindicated from the Wit-Combats of Four Esquires; Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and Jack-Pudding* [E]; with these mottos:

"Κοτέει καὶ ἀοίδος ἀοίδῳ.
Vatum quoque gratia, rara est."
Anglicè,
One Wit-brother
Envies another."

Of these rare tracts, we are told by Anthony Wood, and all subsequent lite-

[E] It is said there were four Writers. The Clinias and Dametas were probably Sir John Denham and Dr. Donne; Sir Allan Broderick, and Will Crofts who is mentioned by the Club as one of their fellows, appear to be the Sancho and Jack-Pudding. Will Crofts was a favourite with Charles II.: he had been a skilful agent, as appears in Clarendon. HOWELL has a Poem "On some who, blending their brains together, plotted how to bespatter one of the Muses' choicest sons, Sir William D'Avenant."

rary historians, too often mere transcribers of title-pages, that the second was written by our Author himself. Would not one imagine that it was a real vindication, or at least a retort-courteous on these obliging friends? The irony of the whole Volume has escaped their discovery. The second Tract is a continuation of the Satire: a mock defence, where the sarcasm, and the pretended remonstrance, are sometimes keener than the open attack. If, indeed, D'Avenant were the author of a continuation of a satire on himself, it is an act of *felo de se* no poet ever committed; a self-flagellation by an iron whip, where blood is drawn at every stroke, the most penitent Bard never inflicted on himself. Would D'Avenant have bantered his proud labour, by calling it "incomparable?" And were it true, that he felt

the strokes of their witty malignity so lightly, would he not have secured his triumph by finishing that Gondibert, "the monument of his mind?" It is too evident, that this Committee of Wits hurt the quiet of a great mind.

As for this series of literary Satires, it might have been expected, that since the Wits clubbed, this Committee ought to have been more effective in their operations. Many of their papers were, no doubt, more blotted with their wine, than their ink. Their variety of attack is playful, sarcastic, and malicious. They were then such exuberant wits, that they could make even ribaldry and grossness witty. My business with these wicked trifles is only as they concerned the feelings of the great Poet, whom they too evidently hurt, as well as the great Philosopher who con-

descended to notice these Wits, with wit more dignified than their own.

Unfortunately for our "jeer'd Will," as in their usual court-style they call him, he had met with "a foolish mischance," well known among the collectors of our British Portraits. There was a feature in his face, or rather no feature at all, that served as a perpetual provocative: there was no precedent of such a thing, says SUCKLING, in "The Sessions of the Poets."

"In all their records, in verse or in prose,
There was none of a Laureat who wanted a nose."

Besides, he was now doomed—

"Nor could old HOBBES
Defend him from dry bobbs."

The Preface of Gondibert, the critical Epistle of HOBBES, and the Poems of the two greatest Poets in England, were first to be got rid of. The attack is brisk and airy.

"UPON THE PREFACE.

"Room for the best of Poets heroic,
If you'll believe two Wits and a Stoic.
Down go the *Iliads*, down go the *Æneidos*:
All must give place to the *Gondiberteidos*.
For to *Homer* and *Virgil* he has a just pique,
Because one's writ in Latin, the other in Greek;
Besides an old grudge (our Critics they say so)
With *Ovid*, because his sirname was *Naso*.
If fiction, the fame of a Poet thus raises,
What Poets are you that have writ his praises?
But we justly quarrel at this our defeat;
You give us a stomach, he gives us no meat.

A Preface to no book, a porch to no house;
Here is the mountain, but where is the
mouse?"

This stroke, in the mock defence, is thus warded off, with a slight confession of the existence of "the Mouse."

"Why do you bite, you men of fangs?
(That is, of teeth that forward hangs)
And charge my dear Ephestion
With want of meat; you want digestion.
We Poets use not so to do,
To find men meat and stomach too.
You have the Book, you have the House,
And mum, good Jack, and catch the mouse."

Among the personal foibles of D'AVENANT, appears a desire to disguise his humble origin; and to give it an air of lineal descent, he probably did not write his name as his father had done. It is

said he affected, at the cost of his mother's honour, to insinuate that he was the son of Shakspeare, who used to bait at his father's inn. These humourists first reduce D'AVENANT to "Old Daph."

"DENHAM, come help me to laugh,
At old Daph,
Whose fancies are higher than chaff. ——"

Daph swells afterwards into "Daphne;" a change of sex, inflicted on the Poet for making one of his heroines a man; and this new alliance to Apollo becomes a source of perpetual allusion to the bays —

"Chear up, small Wits, now *you* shall crowned be —
Daphne himself is turned into a tree."

One of the Club enquires about the situation of *Avenant*.

" —— where now it lies,
Whether in Lombard [F], or the skies."

Because, as seven cities disputed for the birth of Homer, so after ages will not want towns claiming to be *Avenant*—

" Some say by *Avenant* no place is meant,
And that our Lombard is without descent;
And as, by *Bilk*, men mean there's nothing there,
So come from *Avenant*, means from *no where.*
Thus *Will*, intending *D'Avenant* to grace,
Has made a notch in's name, like that in's face.

D'AVENANT had been knighted for his good conduct at the siege of Gloucester, and was to be tried by the Parliament, but

[F] The scene where the story of Gondibert is placed, which the Wits sometimes pronounced *Lumber* and *Lumbery*.

procured his release without trial. This produces the following sarcastic Epigram:

"UPON FIGHTING WILL.

"The King knights Will for fighting on his side;
Yet when Will comes for fighting to be tried,
There is not one in all the armies can
Say they e'er felt, or saw, this fighting man.
Strange, that the Knight should not be known i' th' field;
A face well charged, though nothing in his shield.
Sure fighting Will like *basilisk* did ride
Among the troops, and all that *saw* Wil died;
Else how could Will, for fighting, be a Knight,
And none alive that ever saw Will fight?"

Of the malignancy of their wit, we must preserve one specimen. They probably

harassed our Poet with anonymous dispatches from the Club: for there appears another Poem on D'AVENANT's anger on such an occasion.

"A LETTER SENT TO THE GOOD KNIGHT.

"Thou hadst not been thus long neglected,
But we, thy four best friends, expected,
Ere this time, thou hadst stood corrected.

But since that planet governs still,
That rules thy tedious fustian quill
'Gainst Nature and the Muses' will;

When, by thy friends' advice and care,
'Twas hoped, in time, thou wouldst despair
To give ten pounds to write it fair;

Lest thou to all the world would shew it,
We thought it fit to let thee know it:
Thou art a damn'd insipid Poet!"

These literary satires contain a number of other "pasquils," burlesquing the cha-

racters, the incidents, and the stanza, of the GONDIBERT: some not the least witty are the most gross, and must not be quoted; thus the Wits of that day were poetical suicides, who have shortened their lives by their folly.

D'AVENANT, like more than one Epic Poet, did not tune to his ear the *names* of his personages. They have added, to shew that his writings are adapted to an easy musical singer, "the names of his Heroes and Heroines, in these verses:

"Hurgonil, Astolpho, Borgia, Goltha, Tibalt,
Astragon, Hermogild, Ulfinor, Orgo, Thula."

And "Epithets that will serve for any substantives, either in this part or the next."

Such are the labours of the idlers of Genius, envious of the nobler industry of Genius itself! — How the great Author's

spirit was nourished by the restoratives of his other friends, after the bitter decoctions prescribed by these "Four," I fear we may judge by the unfinished state in which GONDIBERT has come down to us. D'AVENANT seems, however, to have guarded his dignity by his silence; but HOBBES took an opportunity of delivering an exquisite opinion on this Club of Wits, with perfect philosophical indifference. It is in a letter to the Hon. EDWARD HOWARD, who requested to have his sentiments on another heroic Poem of his own, "The British Princes."

"My judgment in Poetry hath, you know, been once already censured, by very good Wits, for commending GONDIBERT; but yet they have not, I think, disabled my testimony. For, *what authority is there in Wit?* A Jester may have it; a man in drink may

have it, and be fluent over night, and wise and dry in the morning. What is it? or who can tell whether it be better to have it, or be without it, especially if it be a pointed Wit? I will take my liberty to praise what I like, as well as they do to reprehend what they do not like."

# THE PAPER-WARS

OF

# THE CIVIL WARS.

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# THE CIVIL WARS.

*The "Mercuries" and "Diurnals," archives of political fictions — "The Diurnals," in the pay of the Parliament, described by* BUTLER *and* CLEIVELAND — *Sir* JOHN BIRKENHEAD *excels in sarcasm, with specimens of his "Mercurius Aulicus" — how he corrects his own lies — Specimens of the Newspapers on the side of the Commonwealth.*

AMONG these battles of Logomachy, in which so much ink has been spilt, and so many pens have lost their edge — at a very solemn period in our history, when all

around was distress and sorrow, lived the facetious ancestors of that numerous progeny who still flourish among us, and who, without a suspicion of their descent, still bear the features of their progenitors, and inherit so many of the family humours. These were the MERCURIES and DIURNALS — the Newspapers of our Civil Wars.

A current fund of humour, wit, and ribaldry, was consumed and wasted among us during that eventful period. The Royalists, being the better educated, carried off to their side all the spirit, and only left the foam and dregs for the Parliamentarians; otherwise, in lying, through all the nice management of its shades, its qualities, and its numbers, from inuendo to prevarication, and from single to triple lying, in all that stretching of their wits, and all that racking of their inventions, to over-reach their

opponents, they were just like one another; for "the Father of Lies" is of no party! Were it desirable to initiate a diurnal scribe into a system of political and moral calumny, the complete art might be drawn from these archives of political fiction. We might discover principles among them which would have humbled the superb genius of MACHIAVEL himself; and even have vexed the more popular scribe of Mr. SHERIDAN's "Critic" with a sense of his own inferiority, in spite of his name.

The distinguished heroes of these Paper-Wars, Sir JOHN BIRKENHEAD, MARCHMONT NEEDHAM, and Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE, I have elsewhere pourtrayed *. We have had of late correct lists of these works; but no one seems as yet to have

* Curiosities of Literature, Vol. i. 263, fifth edition. In the ninth edition, vol. i. pp. 228-235.

given some clear notion of their spirit and their manner.

The London Journals in the service of the Parliament were usually the *Diurnals*. These politicians practised an artifice which cannot be placed among "the lost inventions." As, no doubt, these were hawked about the metropolis, it was to spur curiosity, often languid from over-exercise, or to wheedle an idle spectator into a reader, that every paper bore on its front the inviting heads of its intelligence. Men placed in the same circumstances will act in the same manner, without any notion of imitation; and the passions of mankind are now addressed by the same means which our ancestors employed, by those who do not suspect they are copying them.

These *Diurnals* have been blasted by

the lightnings of BUTLER and CLEIVELAND. Hudibras is made happy at the idea that he may be

> " Register'd by fame eternal,
> In deathless pages of DIURNAL."

But CLEIVELAND has left us two remarkable effusions of his satiric and vindictive powers, in his curious character of " A Diurnal Maker," and " A London Diurnal." He writes in the peculiar vein of the wit of those times, with an originality of images, whose combinations excite surprise, and with so much wit, that our weaker delicacy grows fatigued with its abundance.

" A DIURNAL-MAKER is the Sub-Almoner of History ; Queen Mab's Register ; one whom, by the same figure that a North-country Pedlar is a Merchantman, you may

style an Author. The silly countryman who, seeing an ape in a scarlet coat, blessed his young worship, and gave his landlord joy of the hopes of his house, did not slander his compliment with worse application than he that names this Shred, an Historian. To call him an Historian, is to knight a Mandrake; 'tis to view him through a perspective, and, by that gross hyperbole, to give the reputation of an Engineer to a maker of Mouse-traps. When these weekly fragments shall pass for History, let the poor man's box be entituled the Exchequer, and the Alms-basket a Magazine. Methinks the Turk should licence Diurnals, because he prohibits learning and books." He characterises the Diurnals as "a puny chronicle, scarce pin-feathered with the wings of Time; it is a history in sippets; the English Iliads in a nut-shell; the Apocryphal Parliament's book of Maccabees in single sheets."

But CLEIVELAND tells us, that these *Diurnals* differ from a *Mercurius Aulicus* (the paper of his party),

"as the Devil and his Exorcist, or as a black witch doth from a white one, whose office is to unravel her enchantments."

The *Mercurius Aulicus* was chiefly conducted by Sir JOHN BIRKENHEAD, at Oxford, "communicating the intelligence and affairs of the Court to the rest of the kingdom." Sir JOHN is a great wag, and excels in sarcasm and invective; his facility is equal to repartee, and his spirit often reaches to wit: a great forger of tales, who probably considered that a Romance was a better thing than a News-paper[A].

[A] There is a small Poem, published in 1643, intituled, "The Great Assizes holden in Parnassus," in the manner of a later work, "The Sessions of the

The Royal party were so delighted with his witty buffoonery, that Sir JOHN was

Poets," in which all the Diurnals and Mercuries are arraigned and tried. An impartial Satire on them all; and by its good sense and heavy versification, is so much in the manner of GEORGE WITHER, that some have conjectured it to be that singular author's. Its rarity gives it a kind of value. Of such verses as WITHER's, who has been of late extolled too highly, the chief merit is their sense and truth: which, if he were not tedious, might be an excellence in prose. Antiquaries, when they find a Poet adapted for their purposes, conjecture that he is an excellent one. This prosing Satirist, strange to say, in some pastoral poetry, has opened the right vein.

AULICUS is well characterized:

——————— "hee, for wicked ends,
Had the Castalian spring defiled with gall,
And changed by Witchcraft most satyricall,
The bayes of Helicon and myrtles mild,
To pricking hawthornes and to hollies wild.

recommended to be Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford. Did political lying seem to be a kind of Moral Philosophy to the feelings of a party? The originality of BIRKENHEAD's happy manner consists in his adroit use of sarcasm: he strikes it off by means of a parenthesis. I shall give, as a specimen, one of his summaries

——————— with slanders false,
With forged fictious calumnies and tales—
He added fewel to the direful flame
Of civil discord; and domestic blowes,
By the incentives of malicious prose.
For whereas he should have composed his inke
Of liquors that make flames expire, and shrink
Into their cinders —
— He laboured hard for to bring in
The exploded doctrines of the Florentine,
And taught that to dissemble and to lie
Were vital parts of human policie."

of what the *Parliamentary Journals* had been detailing during the week.

"The Londoners in print this week have been pretty copious. They say that *a troop of the Marquess of Newcastle's horse have submitted to the Lord Fairfax.* (They were part of the *German* horse which came over in the *Danish* fleet. [B]) That the Lord *Wilmot hath been dead five weeks, but the Cavaliers concealed his death.* (remember this!) That *Sir John Urrey* [C] *is dead, and buried at Oxford.* (He died the same day with the Lord Wilmot.) That the *Cavaliers, before they have done, will* HURREY *all men into misery.* (This quibble

[B] Alluding to a ridiculous rumour, that the King was to receive foreign troops by a Danish fleet.

[C] Col. Urrey, alias Hurrey, deserted the Parliament, and went over to the King; afterwards deserted the King, and discovered to the Parliament all he knew of the King's forces.

See Clarendon.

hath been six times printed, and nobody would take notice of it; now let's hear of it no more!) That *all the Cavaliers which Sir William Waller took prisoners (besides* 500) *tooke the National Covenant.* (Yes, all he tooke (besides 500) tooke the Covenant.) That 2000 *Irish Rebels landed in Wales.* (You called them English Protestants till you cheated them of their money.) That *Sir William Brereton left* 140 *good able men in Hawarden Castle.* ('Tis the better for Sir Michael Earnley, who hath taken the Castle.) That *the Queen hath a great deafnesse.* (Thou hast a great blister on thy tongue.) That *the Cavaliers burned all the suburbs of Chester, that Sir William Brereton might find no shelter to besiedge it.* (There was no hayrick, and Sir William cares for no other shelter [D].) The SCOTTISH DOVE says

[D] This Sir William Brereton, or, as Clarendon writes the name, Bruerton, was the famous Cheshire knight, whom CLEIVELAND characterizes as one of

(there are Doves in Scotland !) that *Hawarden Castle had but forty men in it when the Cava-*

those heroes whose courage lies in their teeth. "Was Brereton," says the loyal Satirist, "to fight with his teeth, as he in all other things resembles the beast, he would have odds of any man at this weapon. He's a terrible slaughterman at a Thanksgiving dinner. Had he been cannibal enough to have eaten those he vanquished, his gut would have made him valiant." And in "Loyal Songs" his valiant appetite is noticed:

"But, oh ! take heed lest he do eat
The Rump all at one dinner !"

And Aulicus, we see, accuses him of concealing his bravery in a hay-rick. It is always curious and useful to confer the writers of intemperate times one with another. Lord Clarendon, whose great mind was incapable of descending to scurrility, gives a very different character to this pot-valiant and hay-rick runaway; for he says, "It cannot be denied but Sir William Brereton, and the other gentlemen of that party, albeit their educations

*liers took it.* (Another told you there were 140 lusty stout fellows in it: for shame, Gentlemen! conferre Notes!) That *Colonel Norton at Rumsey took* 200 *prisoners.* (I saw them counted: they were just two millions.) Then the *Dove* hath this sweet passage: *O Aulicus, thou prophane wretch, that darest scandalise* GOD'S *saints, darest thou call that loyal subject Master Pym a traitor?* (Yes, pretty *Pigeon*[E], he was charged with six articles by his Ma-

and course of life had been very different from their present engagements, and for the most part were very unpromising in matters of war, and therefore were too much contemned enemies, executed their commands with notable sobriety and indefatigable industry (virtues not so well practised in the King's quarters) insomuch as the best soldiers who encountered with them had no cause to despise them."

Clarendon, Vol. ii. p. 147.

[E] "The Scotch Dove" seems never to have recovered from this metamorphosis, but ever after, among the newsmongers, was known to be only a

jesty's Atturney Generall). Next he says, that *Master Pym died like Moses upon the mount.* (He did not die upon the mount, but should have done.) Then he says, *Master*

Widgeon. His character is not very high in "The Great Assizes."

"The innocent *Scotch Dove* did then advance,
Full sober in his wit and countenance;
And, though his book contain'd not mickle sence,
Yet his endictment shew'd no great offence.
Great wits to perils great, themselves expose
Oft-times; but the *Scotch Dove* was none of those.
In many words he little matter drest,
And did laconick brevity detest.
But while his readers did expect some Newes,
They found a Sermon —"

The Scotch Dove desires to meet the classical Aulicus in the duel of the pen:

——————"to turn me loose,
A *Scottish Dove* against a *Roman Goose.*"

"The Scotch Dove" is condemned "to cross the seas or to repasse the Tweede." They all envy him

*Pym died in a good old age, like Jacob in Egypt.* (Not like Jacob, yet just as those died in Egypt in the days of Pharaoh.") [F]

As Sir John was frequently the propagator of false intelligence, it was necessary at times to seem scrupulous, and to correct some slight errors. He does this very adroitly, without diminishing his invectives.

" We must correct a mistake or two in our two last weeks. We advertised you of certain money speeches made by Master *John* Sedgwick: on better information, it was not *John*, but *Obadiah*, Presbyter of Bread-street, who in the pulpit in hot weather useth to unbutton his " easy mulct," but he woefully exclaims at the hard sentence,

" For if they knew that *home* as well as he,
They'd rather die than there imprison'd be!"

[F] This stroke alludes to a rumour of the times, noticed also by Clarendon, that Pym died of the *morbus pediculosus.*

his doublet, which John, who wanteth a thumbe, forbears to practise. And when we told you last week, of a Committee of *Lawyers* appointed to put their new *Seale* in execution, we named, among others, Master George Peard [G]. I confess this was no small errour, to reckon Master Peard among the *Lawyers*, because he now lies sicke, and so farre from being their new *Lord Keeper*, that he now despairs to become their *Doorkeeper*, which office he performed heretofore. But since Master Peard has become desperately sick; and so his vote, his law, and haire having all forsook him, his corporation of Barnstable have been in perfect health and loyalty. The town of Barnstable having submitted to the King, this will no doubt be a special cordial for their languishing Burgess. And yet the man may grow hearty again when

[G] "Peard, a bold lawyer of little note."

Clarendon.

he hears of the late defeat given to his Majesty's forces in Lincolnshire."

This paper was immediately answered by MARCHMONT NEEDHAM, in his "Mercurius Britannicus," who cannot boast the playful and sarcastic bitterness of Sir John; yet is not the dullest of his tribe. He opens his reply thus:

"Aulicus will needs venture his soule upon the other *half-sheet;* and this week he *lies,* as completely as ever he did in *two full sheets;* full of as many scandals and fictions, full of as much stupidity and ignorance, full of as many tedious untruths as ever. And because he would *recrute* the reputation of his wit, he falls into the company of our *Diurnals* very furiously, and there lays about him in the midst of our weekly pamphlets; and he casts in the few squibs, and the little wildfire he hath, dashing out his conceits; and he takes

it ill, that the poore scribblers should tell a story for their living; and after a whole week spent at Oxford, in inke and paper, to as little purpose as *Maurice* spent his shot and powder at *Plimouth*, he gets up, about Saturday, into a gingle or two, for he cannot reach to a full jest; and I am informed that the three-quarter conceits in the last leafe of his Diurnall cost him fourteen pence in *aqua vitæ*.

Sir John never condescends formally to reply to Needham, for which he gives this singular reason: — "As for this Libeller, we are still resolved to take no notice, till we find him able to spell his own name, which to this hour BRITANNICUS never did."

In the next number of Needham, who had always written it *Brittanicus*, the correction was silently adopted. There was no crying down the etymology of an Oxford Malignant.

I give a short narrative of the political temper of the times, in their unparalleled Gazettes.

At the first breaking out of the Parliament's separation from the Royal Party, when the public mind, full of consternation in that new anarchy, shook with the infirmity of childish terrors, the most extravagant reports were as eagerly caught up as the most probable, and served much better the purposes of their inventors. They had daily discoveries of new conspiracies, which appeared in a pretended correspondence written from Spain, France, Italy, or Denmark: they had their amusing Literature, mixed with their grave politics; and a Dialogue between "a Dutch Mariner and an English Ostler," could alarm the Nation as much as the last letter from their "private Correspondent." That the

wildest rumours were acceptable appears from FULLER, who lived at the time. Armies were talked of, concealed under ground by the King, to cut the throats of all the Protestants in a night. He assures us, that one of the most prevailing dangers among the Londoners was, "a design laid for a mine of powder under the Thames, to cause the River to drown the City." This desperate expedient, it seems, was discovered just in time to escape from the execution; and the people were devout enough to have a public thanksgiving, and watched with a little more care, that the Thames might not be blown up. However, the plot was really not so much at the bottom of the Thames as at the bottom of their purses. Whenever they wanted £.100,000. they raised a plot, they terrified the people, they appointed a thanksgiving-

day, and while their Ministers addressed to God himself all the news of the week, and even reproached him, for the rumours against their cause, all ended, as is usual at such times, with the gulled multitude contributing more heavily to the adventurers who ruled them, than the legal authorities had exacted in their greatest wants. "The Diurnals" had propagated thirty-nine of these "Treasons, or new Taxes," according to one of the Members of the House of Commons, who had watched their patriotic designs.

These Diurnals sometimes used such language as the following, from "The Weekly Accompt," January, 1643.

"This day afforded no newes at all, but onely what was *heavenly* and *spiritual*;" and he gives an account of the public Fast, and of the grave Divine Master Henderson's

Sermon, with his texts in the morning; and in the afternoon, another of Master Strickland, with his texts — and of their spiritual effect over the whole Parliament!

Such news as the following was sometimes very agreeable :—

" From Oxford it is informed, that on Sunday last was fortnight in the evening, Prince RUPERT, accompanied with some Lords, and other Cavaliers, *danced through the streets openly, with music before them,* to one of the Colleges; where, after they had stayed about half an houre, they returned back again, dancing with the same music; and immediately there followed *a pack of Women, or Curtizans,* as it may be supposed, for they were hooded, and could not be knowne; and this the party who related affirmed he saw with his own eyes."

On this the Diurnal-maker pours out severe anathemas — and one with a *Note,*

that "*Dancing* and *Drabbing* are inseparable companions, and follow one another close at the heels." He assures his Readers, that the Malignants, or Royalists, only fight like sensual beasts, to maintain their dancing and drabbing!—Such was the revolutionary tone here, and such the arts of faction every where. The matter was rather peculiar to our Country, but the principle was the same as practised in France. Men of opposite characters, when acting for the same concealed end, must necessarily form parallels.

# APPENDIX.

## POLITICAL CRITICISM

ON

## LITERARY COMPOSITIONS.

# POLITICAL CRITICISM

ON

# LITERARY COMPOSITIONS.

ANTHONY WOOD *and* LOCKE — MILTON *and* SPRAT — BURNET *and his History* — PRIOR *and* ADDISON — SWIFT *and* STEELE — WAGSTAFFE *and* STEELE — STEELE *and* ADDISON — HOOKE *and* MIDDLETON — GILBERT WAKEFIELD — MARVELL *and* MILTON — CLARENDON *and* MAY.

VOLTAIRE, in his Letters on our Nation, has hit off a marked feature in our National Physiognomy. "So violent did I find Parties in London, that I was assured by several, that the Duke of MARLBOROUGH was a coward, and Mr. POPE a fool."

A foreigner indeed could hardly suspect that in collecting the characters of English

Authors by English Authors (a labour which has long afforded me pleasure often interrupted by indignation) — in a word, that a class of mere literary history should turn out a collection of personal quarrels. Would not this modern BAILLET, in his new *Jugemens des Sçavans*, so ingeniously inquisitive but so infinitely confused, require to be initiated into the mysteries of that Spirit of Party peculiar to our free Country?

All that boiling rancour which sputters against the thoughts, the style, the taste, the moral character of an Author, is often nothing more than practising what, to give it a name, we may call *Political Criticism in Literature;* where an Author's literary character is attacked solely from the accidental circumstance of his differing in opinion from his Critics, on some subjects, unconnected with the present.

Could ANTHONY WOOD, had he not been influenced by this Political Criticism, have sent down LOCKE to us, as "a man of a turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented, prating and troublesome"? [A] But LOCKE was the antagonist of FILMER, that advocate of arbitrary power; and LOCKE

[A] A forcible description of LOCKE may be found in the curious Life of WOOD, written by himself. I shall give the passage where WOOD acknowledges his after-celebrity, at the very moment the bigotry of his feelings is attempting to degrade him.

WOOD belonged to a club with LOCKE, and others, for the purpose of hearing Chemical Lectures. "JOHN LOCKE of Christ-Church was afterwards a noted Writer. This JOHN LOCKE was a man of a turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented. The Club wrote and took Notes from the mouth of their Master, who sate at the upper end of a table, but the said JOHN LOCKE scorned to do it; so that while every man besides of the Club were writing, he would be prating and troublesome."

is described "as bred under a fanatical tutor," and when in Holland, as one of those who under the Earl of Shaftesbury "stuck close to him when discarded, and carried on the *trade of Faction* beyond and within the seas several years after." In the great original genius, born, like BACON and NEWTON, to create a new Æra in the history of the human mind, this political literary Critic, who was not always so deficient in his perceptions of Genius, could only discover "a trader in Faction," though in his honesty, he acknowledges him to be "a noted Writer."

A more illustrious instance of Party-spirit operating against works of Genius, is presented to us in the awful character of MILTON. From earliest youth to latest age, endowed with all the characteristics of Genius; fervent with all the inspirations of

study; in all changes, still the same great literary character; for, as Velleius Paterculus writes of one of his heroes, "Aliquando fortunâ, semper animo maximus:" while in his own day, Foreigners, who usually anticipate posterity, enquired after MILTON, it is known how utterly disregarded he was! The divine Author of the Paradise Lost was always connected with the Man for whom a reward was offered in the London Gazette. But in their triumph, the Lovers of Monarchy missed their greater glory, in not separating for ever the Republican Secretary of State, from the rival of Homer.

That the Genius of MILTON pined away in solitude, and that all the consolations of Fame were denied him during his life, from this Political Criticism on his works, is generally known; but not perhaps that

this spirit propagated itself far beyond the Poet's tomb. I give a remarkable instance. Bishop SPRAT, who surely was capable of feeling the poetry of MILTON, yet from Political Antipathy retained such an abhorrence of his *Name*, that when the Writer of the Latin Inscription on the Poet JOHN PHILIPS, in describing his versification, applied to it the term *Miltono*, SPRAT ordered it to be erased, as polluting a Monument raised in a Church [B]. A mere

[B] This anecdote, probably unknown, deserves preservation; I have drawn it from the MSS. of Bishop KENNETT.

"In the Epitaph on JOHN PHILIPS occurs this line on his metre, that

'Uni in hoc laudis genere MILTONO secundus,
Primoque pene par.'

These lines were ordered to be razed out of the Monument by Dr. SPRAT, Bishop of Rochester. The word *Miltono* being, as he said, not fit to be in a

critical opinion on versification was thus sacrificed to political feelings!—feelings indeed which have hardly yet worked them-

Christian Church; but they have since been restored by Dr. ATTERBURY, who succeeded him as Bishop of Rochester, and who wrote the Epitaph jointly with Dr. FREIND."—Lansdowne MSS. No. 908, p. 162.

Since writing this Note, I find the Anecdote has appeared, but without any authority. Dr. SYMMONS, in a recent Life of MILTON, observing on what he calls Dr. JOHNSON's "biographical Libel on MILTON," that Dr. JOHNSON has mentioned this fact, seems to suspect its authenticity; for, if true, "it would cover the respectable name of SPRAT with eternal dishonour." Of its truth the above gives sufficient authority; but at all events, the prejudices of SPRAT must be pardoned, while I am shewing that minds far greater than his have shared in the same unhappy feeling. Dr. SYMMONS himself bears no light stain for his slanderous criticism on the genius of THOMAS WARTON, from the motive we are discussing; though WARTON, as my text shews, was too a sinner! I recollect in my youth a more extra-

selves clear. It could only have been the strong political feelings of WARTON which could have induced him to censure the prose of MILTON with such asperity, while he closed his critical eyes on its resplendent passages, which certainly he wanted not the taste to feel, for he caught in his own pages, occasionally, some of the reflected

ordinary instance than any other which relates to MILTON. A woman of no education, who had retired from the business of life, became a very extraordinary Reader; accident had thrown into her way a large Library composed of Authors who wrote in the reigns of the two Charles's. She turned out one of the *Malignant* party, and an abhorrer of the Commonwealth's Men. Her opinion of CROMWELL and MILTON may be given. She told me it was no wonder that the Rebel who had been Secretary to the Usurper, should have been able to have drawn so finished a character of SATAN, and that the Pandæmonium, with all the oratorical Devils, was only such as he had himself viewed at OLIVER's Council-board.

warmth. These feelings took full possession of the mind of JOHNSON, who with all the rage of Political Criticism on subjects of Literature, has condemned the finest works of MILTON, and in one of his terrible paroxysms has demonstrated that the Samson Agonistes is "a Tragedy which Ignorance has admired, and Bigotry applauded." Had not JOHNSON's religious feelings fortunately interposed between MILTON and his "Paradise," we should have wanted the present noble effusion of his criticism; any other Epic by MILTON had probably sunk beneath his vigorous sophistry, and his tasteless sarcasm. — LAUDER's attack on MILTON was hardily projected, on a prospect of encouragement, from this Political Criticism on the literary character of MILTON; and he succeeded as long as he could preserve the decency of the delusion.

The Spirit of Party has touched with its plague-spot the character of BURNET; it has mildewed the page of a powerful mind, and tainted by its suspicions, its rumours, and its censures, his probity as a Man. Can we forbear listening to all the vociferations which Faction has thrown out? Do we not fear to trust ourselves amidst the multiplicity of his facts? And when we are familiarized with the variety of his historical portraits, are we not startled when it is suggested that "they are tinged with his own passions and his own weaknesses"? BURNET has indeed made "his humble appeal to the great God of Truth" that he has given it as fully as he could find it; and he has expressed his abhorrence of "a lie in History," so much a greater sin as a lie in common discourse by its lasting and universal nature. Yet these hallowing pro-

testations have not saved him! A cloud of witnesses, from different motives, have rose up to attaint his veracity and his candour, while all the Tory Wits have ridiculed his style, impatiently inaccurate, and uncouthly negligent, and would sink his vigour and ardour, while they expose the meanness and poverty of his Genius. Thus the literary and the moral character of no ordinary Author have fallen a victim to Party-feeling [c].

[c] I shall throw into this Note several curious notices respecting BURNET, and chiefly from Contemporaries.

BURNET has been accused, after a warm discussion, of having returned home in a passion, and then writing the character of the person. But as his feelings were equally warm, it is probable he might have often practised the reverse. An Anecdote of the times is preserved in "The Memoirs of Grub-Street," vol. ii. p. 291. "A noble Peer now living declares

But this victim to Political Criticism on Literature was himself criminal, and has

he stood with a very ill grace in the History, till he had an opportunity put into his hands of obliging the Bishop, by granting a favour at Court, upon which the Bishop told a friend, within an hour, that he was mistaken in such a Lord, and must go and alter his whole character; and so he happens to have a pretty good one." In this place I also find this curious extract from the MS "Memoirs of the M—— of H——." "Such a day Dr. B——T told me King WILLIAM was an obstinate, conceited Man, that would take no advice; and on this day King WILLIAM told me that Dr. B——T was a troublesome, impertinent Man, whose company he could not endure." These Anecdotes are very probable, and lead one to reflect. Some political tergiversation has been laid to his charge: SWIFT accused him of having once been an advocate for passive obedience and absolute power. He has been reproached with the deepest ingratitude, for the purpose of gratifying his darling passion of Popularity, in his conduct

wreaked his own Party feelings on the *Papist* DRYDEN, and the *Tory* PRIOR;

respecting the Duke of LAUDERDALE, his former Patron. — If the following piece of Secret History be true, he shewed too much of a compliant humour, at the cost of his honour. I find it in Bishop KENNET's MSS. "Dr. BURNET having *over night* given in some important depositions against the Earl of LAUDERDALE to the House of Commons, was *before morning*, by the intercession of the D——, made King's Chaplain and Preacher at the Rolls; so he was bribed to hold the peace." Lansdowne MSS. 990. This was quite a Politician's short way to preferment! An honest man cannot leap up the ascent, however he may try to climb. There was something morally wrong in this transaction, because BURNET notices it, and acknowledges "I was much blamed for what I had done." The story is by no means refuted by the *naïve* apology.

BURNET's character has been vigourously attacked with all the nerve of Satire, in "Faction Displayed," attributed to SHIPPEN, whom POPE celebrates —

DRYDEN he calls, in the most unguarded language, "a Monster of immodesty and

——— "And pour myself as plain
As honest SHIPPEN or as old MONTAIGNE."

SHIPPEN was a Tory. In "Faction Displayed" BURNET is represented with his Cabal (so one party nicknames the other), on the Accession of Queen ANNE, plotting the disturbance of her Government. "Black ARIS's fierceness," that is BURNET, is thus described:

"A Scotch, seditious, unbelieving Priest,
The brawny Chap'ain of the Calves' head feast,
Who first his Patron, then his Prince betrayed,
And does that Church he's sworn to guard, invade,
Warm with rebellious rage, he thus began," &c.

One hardly suspects the Hermit PARNELL capable of writing rather harsh verses, yet stinging satire; they are not in his Works; but he wrote the following Lines on a report of a Fire breaking out in BURNET's Library, which had like to have answered the purpose some wished, of condemning the Author and his works to the flames —

and impurity of all sorts," yet no man's life was purer in its decent habits, and less free

"He talks, and writes, that Popery will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will burn;
And as of late he meant to bless the age
With *flagrant Prefaces of Party rage*,
O'ercome with passion and the subject's weight,
Lolling he nodded in his elbow-seat;
Down fell the Candle!—Grease and Zeal conspire,
Heat meets with heat, and Pamphlets burn their Sire;
Here crawls a *Preface* on its half-burn'd maggots,
And there an *Introduction* brings its faggots;
Then roars the Prophet of the Northern Nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming speech on Moderation."

THOMAS WARTON smiles on BURNET for the horrors of Popery which perpetually haunted him, in his Life of Sir T. POPE, p. 53. But if we substitute the term Arbitrary Power for Popery, no Briton will join in the abuse BURNET has received on this account. A man of BURNET's fervid temper, whose foible was strong vanity and an undue love of popularity, would

from dissipation. There had been a literary quarrel between DRYDEN and BURNET respecting a Translation of Varillas's History

often rush headlong into improprieties of conduct and language; his Enemies have taken ample advantage of his errors; but many virtues his Friends have recorded; and the elaborate and spirited character which the Marquis of HALIFAX has drawn of BURNET may sooth his manes, and secure its repose amidst all these disturbances around his tomb. This fine character is preserved in the Biographia Britannica. BURNET is not the only instance of the motives of a man being honourable, while his actions are frequently the reverse, from his impetuous nature. He has been reproached for a want of that truth which he solemnly protests to have exerted; yet of many circumstances which were at the time condemned as "Lies," when Time had drawn aside the mighty veil, Truth was discovered beneath. TOVEY, with his usual good humour, in his "Anglia Judaica," p. 277, notices "that pleasant copious imagination which will for ever rank our *English Burnet* with the

of Heresies; BURNET had ruined the credit of the Papistical Author, while DRYDEN was busied on the Translation; and as BURNET says, "he has wreaked his malice

*Grecian Heliodorus.*" ROGER NORTH, in his "Examen," p. 413, calls him "a busy Scotch Parson." Lord ORFORD sneers at his hasty epithets, and the colloquial carelessness of his style, in his "Historic Doubts," where, in a Note, he mentions "*one* BURNET," tells a ridiculous story, with BURNET's chit-chat, which concludes very surprizingly with "So the Prince of ORANGE mounted the Throne."

After reading this Note, how would that learned Foreigner proceed, who I suppose was projecting the "Judgments of the Learned" for our English Authors? Were he to condemn BURNET as an Historian void of all honour and authority, he would not want for documents, and indeed he might be furnished with thrice as many. It would require a few minutes to explain to the Foreigner the nature of Political Freedom.

on me for spoiling his three months' labour," and in return, he kindly informs DRYDEN, alluding to his Poem of The Hind and the Panther, "that he is the Author of the *worst* Poem the Age has produced;" and as for "his morals, it is scarce possible to grow a worse man than he was"—a style not to be permitted in any Controversy, but to have brought this passion on the hallowed ground of History, was not to have "cast away his shoe" in the presence of the Divinity of Truth. It could only have been the Spirit of Party which induced BURNET, in his History, to mention with all the contempt for his supposed obscurity, so fine a genius as "*one Prior*, who had been JERSEY's Secretary." It was the same Party-feeling in the Tory PRIOR, in his elegant "Alma," where he has interwoven so graceful a wreath for POPE at the close,

that could sneer at the fine soliloquy of the Roman CATO of the Whig ADDISON :

> " I hope you would not have me die
> *Like simple Cato in the Play,*
> For any thing that he can say."

It was the same spirit which would not allow that GARTH was the Author of his celebrated Poem —

> " Garth did not write his own Dispensary."
>
> POPE.

which long was the story of the times :—a contemporary Wit has recorded this literary injury, by repeating it [D]. And SWIFT,

[D] Dr. WAGSTAFFE, in his " Character of STEELE," alludes to the rumour which POPE has sent down to posterity in a single verse: " I should have thought Mr. STEELE might have the example of his *friend* before his eyes, who *had the reputation of being the*

who once exclaimed to POPE, "The Deuce take Party!" was himself the greater sinner of them all. He, once the familiar friend of STEELE, till Party divided them, not only emptied his shaft of quivers against his literary character, but raises the horrid yell of the war-whoop in his inhuman exultation over the unhappy close of the desultory life of a Man of Genius,—for bitterly has he written—

"From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales."

When STEELE published "The Crisis," SWIFT attacked the Author in so exquisite a piece of grave irony, that I am tempted to transcribe his inimitable parallels of a

*Author of The Dispensary,* till, by two or three unlucky after-claps, he proved himself incapable of writing it." *Wagstaffe's Misc. Works,* p. 136.

Triumvirate composed of the Writer of the Flying Post, DUNTON the literary projector, and poor STEELE: the one, the ISCARIOT of hackney scribes; the other a cracked-brain, scribbling bookseller, who boasted he had a thousand projects, fancied he had methodized six hundred, and was ruined by the fifty he executed. The following is a specimen of that powerful irony in which SWIFT excelled beyond all other writers; the fine Cervantic humour, that provoking coolness which SWIFT preserves while he is panegyrizing the objects of his utter contempt.

"Among the present Writers on the Whig side, I can recollect but *three* of any great distinction; which are, the Flying-Post, Mr. DUNTON, and the Author of The Crisis. The first of these seems to have been much sunk in reputation since the sudden retreat of the only true, genuine, original Author, Mr. RID-

PATH, who is celebrated by the *Dutch Gazetteer* as one of *the best pens in England.* Mr. DUNTON hath been longer and more conversant in books than any of the three, as well as more voluminous in his productions: however, having employed his studies in so great a variety of other subjects, he hath, I think, but lately turned his genius to Politics. His famous tract entitled *Neck or Nothing*, must be allowed to be the shrewdest piece, and written with the most spirit of any which hath appeared from that side since the change of the Ministry. It is indeed a most cutting Satire upon the Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke; and I wonder none of our friends ever undertook to answer it. I confess I was at first of the same opinion with several good judges, who from the style and manner suppose it to have issued from the sharp pen of the Earl of Nottingham; and I am still apt to think it might receive his Lordship's last

hand. The third and principal of this Triumvirate is the Author of *The Crisis*, who, although he must yield to the *Flying-Post* in knowledge of the world and skill in Politics, and to Mr. DUNTON in keenness of satire and variety of reading, hath yet other qualities enough to denominate him a Writer of a superior class to either, provided he would a little regard the propriety and disposition of his words, consult the grammatical part, and get some information on the subject he intends to handle."[E]

[E] I know not how to ascertain the degree of political skill which STEELE reached in his new career — he was at least a spirited Whig, but the Ministry was then under the malignant influence of the concealed adherents to the Stuarts, particularly that of BOLINGBROKE, and such as ATTERBURY, whose secret history is now much better known than in their own day. The terrors of the Whigs were not unfounded — STEELE in the House disappointed his friends; from his popular Essays, it was expected

So far this fine ironical Satire may be inspected as a model; the polished weapon he strikes with so gracefully, is allowed by all the laws of war; but the Political Criticism on the literary character, the Party feeling which degrades a Man of Genius, is the drop of poison on its point.

STEELE had declared in the "Crisis" that he had always maintained an inviolable respect for the Clergy. SWIFT (who perhaps was aimed at in this instance, and whose character, since the publication of "The Tale of the Tub," lay under a suspicion of an opposite tendency,) turns on STEELE with all the vigour of his wit, and all the causticity of retort —

he would have been a fluent Orator; this was no more the case with him than ADDISON. On this DE FOE said he had better have continued the *Spectator* than the *Tatler*. — Lansdown's MSS. 1097.

"By this he would insinuate that those Papers among the Tatlers and Spectators, where the whole order is abused, were not his own. I will appeal to all who know the flatness of his style, and the barrenness of his invention, whether he doth not grossly prevaricate? *Was he ever able to walk without his leading-strings, or swim without bladders, without being discovered by his hobbling or his sinking?*"

Such was the attack of SWIFT, pursued too in the Examiner, and afterwards taken up by another Writer. This is another of the evils resulting from the wantonness of Genius: it gives a contagious example to the minor race; its touch opens a new vein of invention, which the poorer Wits soon break into; the loose sketch of a feature or two from its rapid hand is sufficient to become a portrait of DENNER'S, where

not a hair shall be spared by the Continuator; and a Libel may sometimes be witty. This happened to STEELE, whose literary, was to be sacrificed to his political character; and this superstructure was confessedly raised on the little part we have been noticing. That the EXAMINER was the seed-plot of "The Character of RICHARD ST—LE, Esq." appears by its opening—"It will be no injury, I am persuaded, to the Examiner to *borrow him* a little (STEELE), upon promise of returning him safe, as children do their playthings, when their mirth is over, and they have done with them."

The Author of "The Character of RICHARD ST—LE, Esq." was Dr. WAGSTAFFE, one of those careless Wits [F] who

[F] WAGSTAFFE'S "Miscellaneous Works, 1726," have been collected into a volume. They contain

live to repent a crazy life of Wit, Fancy, and Hope, and an easy, indolent one, whose

satirical pieces of humour, accompanied by some Hogarthian Prints. His "Comment upon the History of Tom Thumb," ridicules ADDISON's on the old Ballad of Chevy Chase, who had declared "it was full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient Poets;" and quoted passages which he paralleled with several in the Æneid. WAGSTAFFE tells us he has found "in the library of a School-boy, among other undiscovered valuable Authors, one more proper to adorn the shelves of Bodley or the Vatican, than to be confined to the obscurity of a private study." This little HOMER is the chaunter of TOM THUMB. He performs his office of "a true Commentator," proving the congenial spirit of the Poet of Thumb with that of the Poet of Æneas. ADDISON got himself ridiculed for that fine natural taste, which felt all the witchery of our ballad-Enniuses, whose beauties, had VIRGIL lived with ADDISON, he would have inlaid into his Mosaic. The bigotry of classical taste, which is not

genial hours force up friends like hot-house plants, that bloom and flower in the spot where they are raised, but will not endure the change of place and season — this Wit caught the tone of SWIFT, and because, as we are told, "he had some friends in the Ministry, and thought he could not take a better way to oblige them than by shewing his dislike to a gentleman who had so much endeavoured to oppose them," he sat down to write a Libel with all the best humour imaginable; for, says his Editor, "he was so far from having any personal pique or enmity against Mr. STEELE, that at the

always accompanied by a natural one, but rests securely on prescribed opinions and traditional excellence, long resisted, by spurning at the Minstrelsy of the Nation; but it has been conquered by PERCY's Reliques, which brought us back to home feelings, to domestic manners, and eternal Nature.

time of his writing he did not so much as know him, even by sight." This principle of "having some friends in the Ministry," and not having "any knowledge" of the character to be attacked, has proved a great source of invention to our political adventurers — and thus Dr. WAGSTAFFE was fully enabled to send down to us a character where the moral and literary qualities of a Genius, to whom this Country owes so much as the father of periodical papers, are immolated to his political purpose. This severe character passed through several editions. However the careless STEELE might be willing to place the elaborate Libel to the account of Party-writings, if he did not feel disturbed at reproaches and accusations, which are confidently urged, and at critical animadversions, to which the negligence of his style sometimes laid him

too open, his insensibility would have betrayed a depravity in the morals and the taste of STEELE, which never entered into his character [G].

[G] I shall content myself with referring to "The Character of Richard St—le, Esq." in Dr. WAGSTAFFE's Miscellaneous Works, 1716. Considering that he had no personal knowledge of his victim, one may be well surprized at his entering so deeply into his private history; but of such a character as STEELE the private history is usually too public — a mass of scandal for the select Curious. Poor STEELE! "who has been arrested for the maintenance of his bastards, and afterwards printed a *proposal* that the Public should take care of them;" who got into the House "not to be arrested;" "his *set* speeches there, which he designs to get *extempore* to speak in the House." For his literary character we are told that "STEELE was a Jay, who borrowed a feather from the Peacock, another from the Bullfinch, and another from the Magpye; so that *Dick* is made up of borrowed colours; he borrowed his

STEELE was doomed even to witness the friendship of ADDISON lost amidst political

humour from ESTCOURT, criticism of ADDISON, his poetry of POPE, or his politics of RIDPATH; so that his qualifications as a Man of Genius, like Mr. T—s, as a Member of Parliament, *lie in thirteen parishes*," where I suppose this Member procured votes by any means. Such are the pillows made up for Genius to rest its head on!

WAGSTAFFE has often delicate humour; STEELE, who often wrote in haste, necessarily wrote incorrectly. STEELE had this sentence: "And ALL, as one man, will join in a common indignation against ALL who would perplex our obedience:" on which our pleasant Critic remarks—"Whatever contradiction there is, as some suppose, in *all joining against all*, our Author has good authority for what he says; and it may be proved, in spite of Euclid or Sir Isaac, that every thing consists of *two alls*, that these *alls* are capable of being divided and subdivided into as many *alls* as you please, and so *ad infinitum*. The following lines may serve for an illustration—

discords; but on that occasion STEELE shewed that his taste for Literature could not be injured by political animosity. It was at the close of ADDISON's life, and on

> Three children sliding on the ice
> Upon a Summer's day;
> As it fell out, they all fell in;
> The rest they ran away.

Though this polite Author does not directly say there are *two alls*, yet he implies as much; for I would ask any *reasonable* man what can be understood by *the rest they ran away*, but the *other all* we have been speaking of. The world may see that I can exhibit the beauties, as well as quarrel with the faults, of his composition, but I hope he will not value himself on his *hasty productions*."

Poor STEELE with the best humour bore these perpetual attacks, not however without an occasional groan, just enough to record his feelings. In one of his wild, yet well-meant projects, of the invention of "a Fish-pool, or Vessel for importing Fish alive, 1718," he complains of calumnies and impertinent

occasion of the Peerage Bill, STEELE published "The Plebeian," a cry against enlarging the Aristocracy; ADDISON replied with "The Old Whig;" STEELE rejoined without alluding to the person of his opponent. But "The Old Whig" could not restrain his political feelings, and contemptuously described "little Dicky, whose trade it was to write Pamphlets." STEELE replied with his usual warmth; but indignant at the charge of "Vassalage," "I will

observations on him, and seems to lay some to the account of his Knighthood—"While he was pursuing what he believed might conduce to the common good, he gave the syllables *Richard Steele* to the publick, to be used and treated as they should think fit; he must go on in *the same indifference*, and allow the TOWN *their usual liberty with his name*, which I find they think they have much more room to sport with than formerly, as it is lengthened with the monosyllable SIR."

end this paper," he says, "by firing every free breast with that noble exhortation of the Tragedian —

'Remember, oh my friends! the Laws, the Rights,
The generous plan of Power deliver'd down
From age to age,' &c."

Thus delicately he detects the Author, and thus energetically commends, while he reproves him!

Hooke (a Catholic), after he had written his Roman History, published "Observations on Vertot, Middleton, &c. on the Roman Senate," in which he particularly treated Dr. Middleton with a disrespect for which the subject gave no occasion: this was attributed to the Doctor's *offensive* Letter from Rome. Spelman, in replying to this concealed motive of the Catholic, reprehends him with equal humour and

bitterness for his desire of *roasting a Protestant Parson.*

Thus have AUTHORS, and their WORKS, endured the violations of Party-feelings, while the calamity extends to our National Literature, of which we have sustained excessive losses, by an antipathy against the Individual's political and theological opinions [H]. The better spirit of the

[H] The late GILBERT WAKEFIELD is an instance where the political and theological opinions of a recluse Student tainted his pure literary works. Condemned as an enraged Jacobin by those who were Unitarians in Politics, and rejected, because he was an Unitarian in Religion, by the Orthodox, poor WAKEFIELD'S literary labours were usually reduced to the value of waste paper. We smile, but half in sorrow, in reading a letter, where he says, "I meditate a beginning, during the Winter, of my Criticisms on All the ancient Greek and Latin Authors, *by small piece-meals, on the cheapest possible paper, and*

times will surely maintain a very safe and a very honourable principle,—let it be the imprescriptible right of an Author, that the true objects of LITERATURE, both by the

*at the least possible expence of printing.* As I can never do more than barely indemnify myself, I shall print only 250 copies." He half-ruined himself by his splendid edition of Lucretius, which could never obtain even common patronage from the opulent Friends of Classical Literature. Since his death it has been reprinted, which is no doubt now a marketable article for the Bookseller; so that if some Authors are not successful for themselves, it is a comfort to think how useful, in a variety of shapes, they are made so to others. Even GILBERT's "contracted scheme of publication" he was compelled to abandon! Yet the classic erudition of WAKEFIELD was confessed, and is still remembered. No one will doubt that we have lost a valuable addition to our Critical Stores by this literary persecution, were it only in the present instance; but examples are too numerous!

means it employs, and by the tendency of its productions, stand entirely unconnected with POLITICS and RELIGION. In our free Country they have not been separated—they run together, and in the ocean of human opinions, the salt and bitterness of these mightier waves have infected the clear waters from the springs of the Muses. I once read of a certain River that ran through the Sea, without mixing with it, preserving its crystalline purity, and all its sweetness, during its course; so that it tasted the same at the Line as at the Poles. This stream indeed is only to be found in the geography of an old Romance; yet Literature is still this magical stream!

Our Taste, rather than our Passions, is here concerned; but the Moral Sense still more. The malice of Faction has long produced this literary calamity; yet great

minds have not always degraded themselves; not always resisted the impulse of their finer feelings, by hardening them into insensibility, or goading them in the fury of a misplaced revenge[1].

[1] How delightful it is to observe MARVELL, the Presbyterian and Republican Wit, a Man of fine Genius, with that generous temper that instantly discovers the alliance of Genius wherever it meets with it, warmly applaud the great work of BUTLER, which so completely ridiculed his own Party. "He is one of an excellent wit," says MARVELL, "and whoever dislikes the choice of his subject, cannot but commend the performance."

*Rehearsal transprosed*, p. 45.

CLARENDON's profound genius could not expand into the same liberal feelings. He highly commends MAY for his learning, his wit, and language, and for his Supplement to Lucan, which he considered as "one of the best Epic Poems in the English Language;" but this great man sadly winces at that

sore place of MAY's "History of the Parliament;" then we discover that this late "ingenious person" performed his part "so meanly that he seems to have lost his wits when he left his honesty." Behold the Political Criticism in Literature! However we may incline to respect the feelings of CLARENDON, this will not save his judgment nor his candour. We read MAY now, as well as CLARENDON; nor is the work of MAY that of a man who "had lost his wits," nor is it "meanly performed." WARBURTON, a keen Critic of the Writers of that unhappy and that glorious age, for both Parties, has pronounced this History to be "a just composition, according to the rules of History; written with much judgment, penetration, manliness, and spirit, and with a candour that will greatly increase your esteem, when you understand that he wrote by order of his Masters the Parliament."

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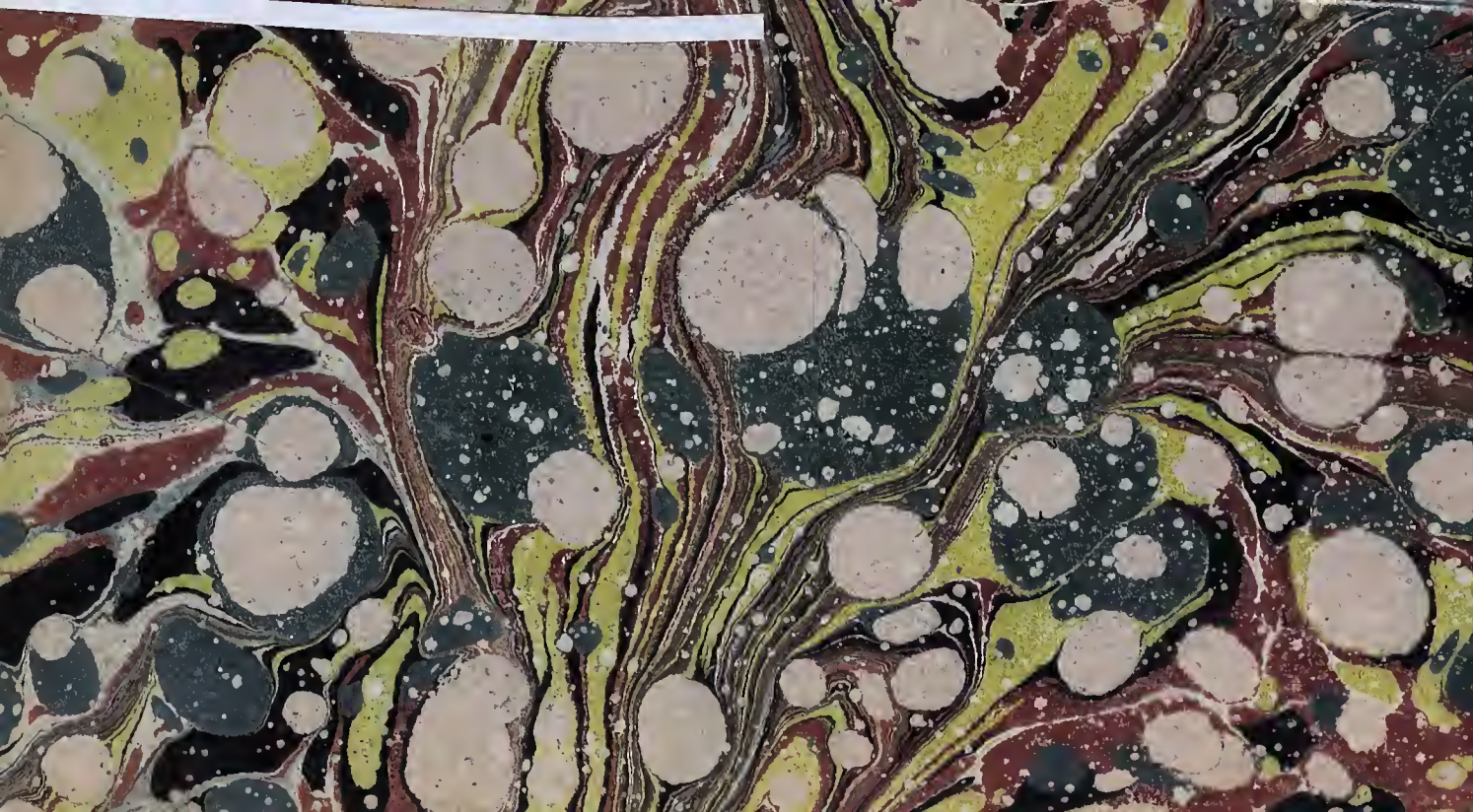
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